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THE GOOSE GIRL

A Romantic Story By HAROLD MacGRATH

Author of The Man on the Box, The Lure of the Mask, etc.

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CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"Good evening, colonel," said Carmichael pleasantly. "Why can't your bandmaster give us light opera once in a while?"

The colonel pulled his mustache in chagrin, but he did not give Carmichael the credit for bringing about this cheapening sense. For the time being Gretchen was freed from annoyance. The colonel certainly could not rush off to her and give this keen-eyed American an opportunity to witness a further rebuff.

"Light operas are rare at present," he replied, accepting his defeat amiably enough.

"Paris is full of them just now," continued Carmichael.

"Paris? Would you like a riot in the gardens?" asked the colonel, amused.

"A riot?" said Carmichael derisively. "Why, nothing short of a bombshell would cause a riot among your phlegmatic Germans."

"I believe you love your Paris better than your Dreiberg."

"Not a bit of doubt. And down in your heart you do, too. Think of the lights, the theatres, the cafes and the pretty women!" Carmichael's cane described a flourish as if to draw a picture of these things.

"Yes, yes," agreed the colonel reminiscently; "you are right. There is no other night equal to a Parisian night. Ach, Gott! But think of the mornings, think of the mornings!"—dolefully.

"On the contrary, let us not think of them!"—with a mock shudder.

And then a pretty woman rose from a chair near-by. She nodded brightly at the colonel, who bowed, excused himself to Carmichael, and made off after her.

"I believe I stepped on his toe that time," said Carmichael to himself.

Then he looked round for Gretchen. She was still at the side of the policeman. She had watched the scene between the two men, but was quite unconscious that it had been set for her benefit. She came back. Carmichael stepped confidently to her side and raised his hat.

"Did you get your geese together without mishap?" he asked.

The instinct of the child always remains with the woman. Gretchen smiled. This young man would be different, she knew.

"They were only frightened. But his highness"—eagerly—"was he very angry?"

"Angry? Not the least. He was amused. But he was nearly knocked off his horse. If you lived in America now, you might reap a goodly profit from that goose."

"America? How?"

"You could put him in a museum and exhibit him as an intimate friend of the grand duke of Ehrenstein."

But Gretchen did not laugh. It was a serious thing to talk lightly of so grand a person as the duke. Still, the magic word America, where the gold came from, flamed her curiosity.

"You are from America?"

"Yes."

"Are you rich?"

"In fancy, in dreams"—humorously. "Oh! I thought they were all rich."

"Only one or two of us."

"Is it very large, this America?"

"France, Spain, Prussia would be lonesome if set down in America. Only Russia has anything to boast of."

"Did you fight in the war?"

"Yes. Do you like music?"

"Were you ever wounded?"

"A scratch or two, nothing to speak of. But do you like music?"

"Very, very much. When they play Beethoven, Bach, or Meyerbeer, ach, I seem to live in another country. I hear music in everything, in the leaves, the rain, the wind, the stream."

It seemed strange to him that he had not noticed it at first, the almost Hanoverian purity of her speech and the freedom with which she spoke. The average peasant is diffident, with a vocabulary of few words, ignorant of art or music or where the world lay.

"What is your name?"

"Gretchen."

"It is a good name; it is famous, too."

"Goeth used it."

"So he did." Carmichael ably concealed his surprise. "You have some one who reads to you?"

"No, Herr. I can read and write and do sums in addition."

He was willing to swear that she was making fun of him. Was she a simple goose-girl? Was she not something more, something deeper? War clouds were forming in the skies; they might gather and strike at any time. And who but the French could produce such a woman spy? Ehrenstein was not Prussia, it was true, but the duchy, with its 20,000 troops, was one of the many pulses that beat in unison with this man Bismarck's plans. Carmichael addressed her in French, aiming to catch her off her guard.

"I do not speak French, Herr,"—honestly.

He was certainly puzzled, but a glance at those hands dissolved his doubts. These hands were used to toil; they were in no way disguised. No French woman would sacrifice her hands for her country; at least, not to this extent. Yet the two things in his mind would not readily cohese; a goose-girl who was familiar with the poets and composers.

"You have been to school?"

"After a manner. My teacher was a kind priest. But he never knew that, with knowldge, he was to open the gates of discontent."

"Then you are not happy with your lot?"

"Is any one, Herr?"—quietly. "And who might you be, and what might you be doing here in Dreiberg, riding with the grand duke?"

"I am the American consul."

Gretchen took a step back.

"Oh, it is nothing that will bite you," he added.

"But perhaps I have been disrespectful!"

"Pray how?"

Gretchen found that she had no definite explanation to offer.

"What did Colonel Willenstein say to you?"

"Nothing of importance. I am used to it. I am perfectly able to take care of myself," she answered.

"But he annoyed you."

"That is true," she admitted.

"What did the policeman say?"

"What would he say to a goose-girl?"

"Shall I speak to him?"

"Would it really do any good?" skeptically.

"It might. The duke is friendly toward me, and I am certain he would not tolerate such conduct in his police."

"You would only make enemies for me; insolence would become persecution. I know. Yet, I thank you, Herr—"

"Carmichael. Now listen, Gretchen; if at any time you are in trouble, you will find me at the Grand Hotel or at the consulate next door to the Black Eagle."

"I shall remember. Sometimes I work in the Black Eagle." And recollection rose in her mind of the old man who had given her the gold piece.

"Good night," he said.

"Thank you, Herr."

Gretchen extended her hand, and Carmichael took it in his own, inspecting it.

"Why do you do that?"

"It is a good hand; it is strong, too."

"It has to be strong, Herr. Good night."

Carmichael raised his hat again, and Gretchen breathed contentedly as she saw him disappear in the crowd. That little act of courtesy made everything brighter. There was only one other who ever touched his hat to her respectfully. And as she stood there, dreaming over the unusual happenings of the day, she felt an arm slip through hers, gently but firmly, even with authority. Her head went round.

"Leo?" she whispered.

The young vintner whom Carmichael had pushed against the wall that day smiled from under the deep shade of his hat, drawn down well over his face.

"Gretchten, who was that speaking to you?"

Herr Carmichael, the American consul."

"Carmichael!" The arm in Gretchen's stiffened.

"What is it, Leo?"

"Nothing. Only, I grow mad with rage when any of these gentlemen speak to you. Gentlemen! I know them all too well."

"This one means no harm."

"I would I were certain. Ah, how I love you!" he whispered.

Gretchen thrilled and drew his arm closely against her side.

"To me the world began but two weeks ago. I have just begun to live."

"I am glad," said Gretchen. "But listen."

The band was playing again.

"Sometimes I am jealous even of that."

"I love you none the less for loving it."

"I know; but I am sad and lonely tonight"—gloomily. "I want all your thoughts."

"Are they not always yours? And why should you be sad and miserable?"

"Why, indeed!"

"Leo, as much as I love you, there is always a shadow."

"What shadow?"

"It is always at night that I see you, rarely in the bright daytime. What do you do during the day? It is not yet vintage. What do you do?"

"Will you trust me a little longer, Gretchen, just a little longer?"

"Always, not a little longer, always. But wait till the music stops and I will tell you of my adventure."

"You have had an adventure?"—distrustfully.

"Yes. Be still."

There were tones in Gretchen's voice that the young vintner could never quite understand. There was a will little less than imperial, and often as he rebelled, he never failed to bow to it.

"What was this adventure?" he demanded, as the music stopped.

She told him about the geese, the grand duke, an dthe two crowns. He laughed, and she joined him, for it was amusing now.

The musicians were putting away their instruments, the crowd was melting, the attendants were stacking the chairs, so the two lovers went out of the gardens toward the town and the Krumerweg.

Meanwhile Carmichael had lectured the policeman, who was greatly disturbed.

"Your Excellency, I am sure Colonel von Wallenstein meant no harm."

"Are you truthfully sure?"

The policeman plucked at his beard nervously. "It is every man for himself, as your excellency knows. Had I spoken to the colonel, he would have had me broken."

"You could have appealed to the duke."

"Perhaps. I am sorry for the girl, but I have a family to take care of."

"Well, mark me; this little woman loves music; she comes here often. The next time she is annoyed by Wallenstein or any one else, you report it to me. I'll see that it reaches his highness."

"I shall gladly do that, your excellency."

Carmichael left the gardens and wandered with aimless step. He was surprised to find that he was opposite the side gates to the royal gardens. His feet had followed the bent of his mind. Yet he did not cross the narrow side street. The sound of carriage wheels caused him to halt. He waited. The carriage he had seen by the fountain drew up before the gates, and the woman in black alighted. She spoke to the sentinel, who opened the gates and closed them. The veiled lady vanished abruptly beyond the shrubbery.

"I wonder who that was?" was Carmichael's internal question. "Bah! some lady-in-waiting with an affair on hand."

CHAPTER III.

For Her Country.

"Count, must I tell you again not to broach that subject? There can be no alliance between Ehrenstein and Jugendheı."

"Why?" asked Count von Herbeck, chancellor, coolly returning the angry flash from the ducal eyes.

"There are a thousand reasons why, but it is not my purpose to name them."

"Name only one, your highness, only one."

"Will that satisfy you?"

"Perhaps."

"One of my reasons is that I do not want any alliance with a country so perfidious as Jugendheit. What! I make overtures? I, who have been so cruelly wronged all these years? You are mad."

"But what positive evidence have you that Jugendheit wronged you?"

"Positive? Have I eyes and ears? Have I not seen and read and heard?" This time the duke struck the desk savagely. "Why do you always rouse me in this fashion, Herbeck? You know how distasteful all this is to me."

"Your highness knows that I look only to the welfare of the country. In the old days it was a foregone conclusion that this alliance was to be formed. Now, you persist in averring that the late king was the chief conspirator in abducting her serene highness, aided by Arnsberg, whose successor I have the honor to be. I have never yet seen any proofs. You have never yet produced them. Show me something which absolutely convicts them, and I'll surrender."

"On your honor?"

"My word."

The grand duke struck the bell on the chancellor's desk.

"My secretary, and tell him to bring me the packet marked A. He will understand."

The two men waited without speaking, each busy with thought. The duke had been in his youth, and was still, a handsome man, splendidly set up, healthy and vigorous, keen mentally, and whatever stubbornness he possessed nicely balanced by common sense. He might have been guilty in his youth of a few human peccadillos, but the kingly and princely excesses which at that time were making the east side of the Rhine the scandal of the world had in no wise sullied his name. Ehrenstein means "stone of honor," and he had always carried the thought of this in his heart. He was frank in his likes and dislikes, he hated secrets, and he loved an opponent who engaged him in the open. Herbeck often labored with him over this open manner, but the mind he sought to work upon was as receptive to political hypocrisy as a wall of granite. It was this extraordinary rectitude which made the duke so powerful an aid to Bismarck in the days that followed. The Man of Iron needed this sort of character as a cover and a buckler to his own duplicities.

Herbeck was an excellent foil. He was as silent and secretive as sand. He moved, as it were, in circles, thus always eluding dangerous corners. He was tall, angular, with a thin, immobile countenance, well guarded by his gray eyes and straight lips. He was a born financier, with almost limitless ambition, though only he himself knew how far this ambition reached. He had not brought prosperity to Ehrenstein, but he had fortified and bastioned it against extravagance, and this was probably the larger feat of the two. He loved his country and brooded over it as a mother broods over her child. Twice had he saved Ehrenstein from the drag-net of war, and with honor. So he was admired by fathers and revered by mothers.

The secretary came in and laid a thin packet of papers on the chancellor's desk. "It was the packet A, your highness?"—his hand still resting upon the documents.

"Yes. You may go."

The secretary bowed and withdrew.

The duke stirred the papers angrily, took one of them and spread it out with a rasp.

"Look at that. Whose writing, I ask?"

Herbeck adjusted his glasses and scrutinized the slanting hieroglyphics. He ran over it several times. At length he opened a drawer in his desk, sorted some papers, and brought out a yellow letter. This he laid down beside the other.

"Yes, they are alike. This will be Arnsberg. But"—mildly—"who may say that it is not a cunning forgery?"

"Forgery!" roared the duke. "Read this one from the late king of Jugendheit to Arnsberg, then, if you still doubt."

Herbeck read slowly and carefully. Then he rose and walked to the nearest window, studying the letter again in the sharper light. Presently his hands fell behind his back and met about the paper, while he himself stared over into the royal gardens. He remained in this attitude for some time.

"Well," said the duke impatiently.

Herbeck returned to his chair. "I wish that you had shown me these long ago."

"To what end?"

"You accused the king?"

"Certainly, but he denied it."

"In a letter?"

"Yes. Here, read it."

Herbeck compared the two. "Where did you find these?"

"In Arnsberg's desk," returned the duke, the anger in his eyes giving place to gloomy retrospection. "Arnsberg, my boyhood playmate, the man I loved and trusted and advanced to the highest office in my power. Is that not the way? Do we ever trust any one fully without being in the end deceived? Well, dead or alive," the duke continued, his throat swelling, "ten thousand crowns to him who brings Arnsberg to me, dead or alive."

"He will never come back," said Herbeck.

"Not if he is wise. He was clever He sent all his fortune to Paris, so I found, and what I confiscated was nothing but his estate. But do you believe me"—putting a hand against his heart—"something here tells me that some day fate will drag him back and give him into my hands?"

"You are very bitter."

"And have I not cause? Did not my wife die of a broken heart, and did I not become a broken man? You do not know all, Herbeck, not quite all. Franz also sought the hand of the Princess Sofia. He, too, loved her, but I won. Well, his revenge must have been sweet to him."

"But your daughter has been restored to her own."

"Due to your indefatigable efforts alone. Ah, Herbeck, nothing will ever fill up the gap between, nothing will ever restore the mother." The duke bowed his head.

Herbeck studied him thoughtfully. "I love my daughter and she loves me, but I don't know what it is, I can't explain it," irresolutely.

"What can not your highness explain?"

"Perhaps the gap is too wide, perhaps the separation has been too long."

Herbeck did not press the duke to be more explicit. He opened another drawer and took forth a long hood velope, crested and sealed.

"Your Highness, here is a letter from the prince regent of Jugendheit, formally asking the hand of the Princess Hildegarde for his nephew, Frederick, who will shortly be crowned. My advice is to accept, to let bygones be bygones."

"Write the prince that I respectfully decline."

"Do nothing in haste, your Highness. Temporize; say that you desire some time to think about the matter. You can change your mind at any time. A reply like this commits you to nothing, whereas your abrupt refusal will only widen the breach."

"The wider the breach the better."

"No, no, your Highness; the past has disturbed you. We can stand war, and it is possible that we might win, even against Jugendheit; but war at this late day would be a colossal blunder. Victory would leave us where we began thirty years ago. One does not go to war for a cause that has been practically dead these sixteen years. And an insult to Jugenheit might precipitate war. It would be far wiser to let me answer the prince regent, saying that your highness will give the proposal your thoughtful consideration."

"Have you way, then, but on your head be it if you commit me to anything."

The duke was about to gather up his documentary evidence, when Herbeck touched his hand.

"I have an idea," said the chancellor. "A great many letters reach me from day to day. I have an excellent memory. Who knows but that I might find the true conspirator, the arch-plotter? Leave them with me, your Highness."

"I shall not ask you to be careful with them, Herbeck."

"I shall treasure them as my life."

The duke departed, stirred as he had not been since the restoration of the princess. Herbeck sometimes irritated him, for he was never in the wrong, he was never impatient, never hasty, he never had to go over a thing twice. This supernal insight, which overlooked all things but results, set the duke wondering if Herbeck was truly all human. If only he could catch him at fault once in a while!

Count von Herbeck remained at his desk, his face as inscrutable as ever, his eyes without expression, and his lips expressing nothing. He smoothed out a sheet of paper, affixed the state seal, and in a flowing hand wrote a diplomatic note, considering the proposal of his royal highness, the prince regent of Jugendheit, on behalf of his nephew, the king. This he placed in the diplomatic pouch, called for a courier and despatched him at once for the frontier.

The duke sought his daughter. She was in the music-room, surrounded by several of her young women companions, each holding some musical instrument in her hands. Hildegarde was singing. The duke paused, shutting his eyes and striving to recall the voice of the mother. When the voice died away and the young women leaned back in their chairs to rest, the duke approached. Upon seeing him all rose. With a smile he dismissed them.

"My child," he began, taking Hildegarde's hand and drawing her toward a window-seat, "the king of Jugendheit asks for your hand."

"Mine, father?"

"Even so."

"Then I am to marry the king of Jugendheit?" There was little jov in her voice.

"Ah, we have not gone so far as that. The king, through his uncle, has simply made a proposal. How would you regard it, knowing what you do of the past, the years that you lived in comparative penury, amid hardships, unknown and almost without name?"

"It is for you to decide, father. Whatever your decision is, I shall abide by it."

"It is a hard lesson we have to learn, my child. We can not always marry where we love; diplomacy and politics make other plans. But fortunately for you you love no one yet." He put his hand under her chin and searched the deeps of her gray eyes. These eyes were more like her mother's than anything else about her. "The king is young, handsome, they say, and rich. Politically speaking, it would be a great match."

"I am in your hands. You know what is best."

The duke was poignantly disappointed. Why did she not refuse outright, indignantly, contemptuously, as became one of the House of Ehrenstein? Anything rather than this complacency.

"What is he like?" disengaging his hand and turning her face toward the window.

"That no one seems to know. He has been to his capital but twice in ten years, which doubtless pleased his uncle, who loves power for its own sake. The young king has been in Paris most of the time. That's the way they educate kings these days. They teach them all the vices and make virtue an accident. Your father loves you, and if you are inclined toward his majesty, if it is in your heart to become a queen, I shall not let my prejudices stand in the way."

She caught up his hand with a strange passion and kissed it.

"Father, I do not want to marry any one," wistfully. "But a queen!" she added thoughtfully.

"It is only a sound, my dear; do not let it delude you. Herbeck advises this alliance, and while I realize that his judgment is right, my whole soul revolts against it. But all depends upon you."

"Would it benefit the people? Would it be for the good of the state?"

Here was reason. "Yes; my objections are merely personal," said the duke.

"For the good of my country, which I love, I am ready to make any sacrifice. I shall think it over."

"Very well; but weigh the matter carefully. There is never any retracing a step of this kind." He stood up, his heart heavy. Saying no more, he moved toward the door.

She gazed after him, and suddenly and silently she stretched out her arms, her eyes and face and lips yearing with love. Curiously enough, the duke happened to turn. He was at her side in a moment, holding her firm in his embrace.

"You are all I have, girl!" with a bit of break in his voice.

"My father!" She stroked his cheek. When he left the room it was with lighter step.

The restoration of the Princess Hildegarde of Ehrenstein had been the sensation of Europe, as had been in the earlier days her remarkable abduction. For sixteen years the search had gone on fruitlessly. The cleverest adventuresses on the continent tried devious tricks to palm themselves off as the lost princess. From France they had come, from Prussia, Italy, Austria, Russia and England. But the duke and the chancellor held the secret, unknown to any one else—a locket. In a garret in Dresden the agents of Herbeck found her, a singer in the chorus of the opera. The newspapers and illustrated weeklies raged about her for a while, elaborated the story of her struggles, the mysterious remittances which had, from time to time, saved her from direst poverty, her ambition, her education which, by dint of hard work, she had acquired. It was all very puzzling and interesting and romantic. For what purpose had she been stolen, and by whom? The duke accused Franz of Jugendheit, but he did so privately. Search as they would, the duke and the chancellor never traced the source of the remittances. The duke held stubbornly that the sender of these benefactions was moved by the impulse of a guilty conscience, and that this guilty conscience was in Jugendheit. But these remittances, argued Herbeck, came long after the death of the old king." He had his agents, vowed the duke. Herbeck would not listen to this. He preferred to believe that Count von Arnsberg was the man.

There was an endless tangle of red tape before the girl because secure in her rights. But finally, when William of Prussia and Franz Josef of Austria congratulated the duke, everybody else fell into line, and every troop in the duchy came to Dreiberg to the celebration. Then the world ran away in pursuit of other adventures, and forgot all about her serene highness.

And was she happy with all this grandeur, with all these lackeyes and attentions and environs? Who can say? Sometimes she longed for the freedom and lack-care of her Dresden garret, her musician friends, the studios, the crash and glitter of the opera. To be suddenly deprived of the fruits of ambition, to reach such a pinnacle without striving, to be no longer independent, somehow it was all tasteless with the going of the novelty.

She looked like a princess, she moved and acted like one, but after the manner of kindly fairy princesses in storybooks. All fell in love with her, from the groom who saddled her horse, to the chancellor, who up to this time was known never to have loved anything but the state.

She was lovely enough to inspire fervor and homage and love in all masculine minds. She was witty and talented. Carmichael said she was one of the most beautiful women in Europe. Later he modified this statement by declaring that she was the most beautiful women in Europe or elsewhere. Yet, often she went about as one in a waking dream. There was an aloofness which was not born of hauteur but rather of a lingering doubt of herself.

She was still in the window-seat when the chancellor was announced. She distrusted him a little, she knew not why; yet, when he bent over her hand she was certain that his whole heart was behind his salute.

"Your Highness," he said, "I am come to announce to you that there waits for you a high place in the affairs of the world."

"The second crown in Jugendheit?"

"Your father——?"

"Yes. He leaves the matter wholly in my hands."

The sparkle in his eyes was the first evidence of emotion she had ever seen in him. It rather pleased her.

"It is for the good of the state. A princess like yourself must never wed an inferior."

"Would a man who was brave and kind and resourceful, but without a title, would he be an inferior?"

"Assuredly, politically. And I regret to say that your marriage could never be else than a matter of politics."

"I am, then, for all that I am a princess, simply a certificate of exchange?"

His keen ear caught the bitter undercurrent. "The king of Jugendheit is young. I do not see how he can help loving you the moment he knows you. Who can?" And the chancellor enoyed the luxury of a smile.

"But he may not be heart whole."

"He will be, politically."

"Politics, politics; how I hate the word! Sometimes I regret my garret."

The chancellor frowned. "Your Highness, I beg of you never to give that thought utterence in the presence of your father."

"Ah, believe me, I am not ungrateful; but all this is new to me, even yet. I am living in a dream, wondering when I shall wake."

The chancellor wrinkled his lips. It was more of a grimace than a smile.

"Will you consent to this marriage?"

"Would it do any good to reject it?"

"On the contrary, it would do Ehrenstein great harm."

"Give me a week," wearily.

"A week!" There was joy on the chancellor's face now, unmasked unconcealed. "Oh when the moment comes that I see the crown of Jugendheit on your beautiful head, all my work shall not have been in vain. So then, within seven days I shall come for your answer?"

"One day or the other, my answer will be ready then."

"There is one thing more, your Highness."

"And that?"

"There must not be so many rides in the morning with his excellency, Herr Carmichoel."

She met his piercing glance with that mild duplicity known only to women. "He is a gentleman, he amuses me, and there is no harm. Grooms are always with us. And often he is only one of a party."

"It is politics again, your Highness; I merely offer the suggestion."

"Marry me to the king of Judgendheit, if you will, but in this I shall have my way." But she laughed as she laid down this law.

He surrendered his doubt. "Well, for a week. But once the banns are published, it will be neither wise nor——"

"Proper? That is a word, Count, that I do not like."

"Pardon me, your Highness. All this talk is merely for the sake of saving you needless embarrassment."

He bowed and took his leave of her.

"Jugendheit! Ah, I had rather my garret, my garret!"

And her gaze sped across the Platz and lingered about one of the little window-balconies of the Grand Hotel.

(To Be Continued.)

ABOUT SCOLDS' BRIDLES

London Globe.

IT IS on record that the brank was used on a few occasions to punish men guilty of using obscene language, but such instances were rare, and the brank, or scold's bridle, was made, as the name indicates, to be worn by women whose great fault was that of possessing too long a tongue—a fairly common failing today! Although never a legalized instrument of torture, it was nevertheless much used during the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries, and is frequently mentioned in the literature of those times, while an early English poet shows the general attitude toward it in the lines:

But for my daughter Juliane, I would
she were well bolted with a bridle,
That leaves her work to play the clack,
and lets her work stand idle.

It cannot be denied that the brank was often used without justice or mercy, for those who authorized its usage were petty provincial tyrants and borough physicians, and no doubt it was a handy weapon where with to pay out old scores. It seems very strange that it was not put a stop to, but perhaps those in a position to closure the practice were secretly in favor of it.

There are still a great many of the old scold's bridles extant, and Cheshire possesses no fewer than 13 of them, and was ever well to the fore in their use, although there is no reason to suppose that the women of that country were possessed of more shrewish tongues than their neighbors. In shape the bridles differed greatly, some being fairly merciful and others very much the reverse. The ordinary brank was a framework of iron, which was locked on the culprit's head. In front of the mouth a plate, a gag, or sometimes a sharp knife was fixed in such a position that it entered the mouth and pressed on the tongue, causing agony if the "unruly member" was moved. At the back a short chain was attached to the collar which was held by the guard, who, if he chose, could inflict severe wounds on his charge by jerking the chain. Sometimes the delinquent was chained to the pillory, where she stood, an object of scorn and derision, for as long as the beadle chose, while the high-spirited youth of the town pelted her with objectionable refuse. The general custom was, however, to lead her through the town, so that all might see and recognize in her one overfond of "playing the clack." One surmises that very few women had to undergo this treatment a second time, unless, that is, the local authorities bore them a grudge.

In an old riverside town a brank is preserved which has the date 1633 inscribed on it, with the couplet: "Chester presents Walton with a bridle, To curb women's tongues that talk too idle." There is a legend about this particular brank which, although probably without foundation in fact, is worthy of repetition. A certain doctor who lived at Chester became enamored of a young lady at Walton. He proposed and was accepted, but to the chagrin of the young couple the girl's parents would not hear of the match. In those days a Gretna Green marriage was impossible, for Gretna Green did not exist but none the less the couple decided to make a runaway match of it. It was necessary for the success of their plans that the old nurse of the doctor's betrothed should be let into the secret, which she accordingly was, and all would have been well had not this woman revealed to a bosom friend, under the seal of secrecy, the day fixed for the flight. The bosom friend told her bosom friend, and in a few hours the story reached the ears of the young lady's mother. The match, of course, never came off, and it is said that in his disgust the young doctor had the bridle made and presented it to the citizens of Walton.

Some of the earliest branks came from over the border, and it is not too much to say that the Scottish people first invented the scold's bridle. A brank is still to be seen which was used at Forfar, and which was worn by condemned witches on their way to execution. It is a fearsome instrument, for the tongue plate is a triple spur, with exceedingly sharp points. The laceration that could be, and no doubt often was, inflicted on the witch's mouth on the way to the stake was terrible. Not a few branks were made to ridicule the wearer, as, for example, the "led by the nose" bridle, a brank fashioned with an outside nose, to which the leading chain was attached. Another of the same ilk had a large perforated carrot protruding from the mouth, and so on. A brank of quite another kind was the "buffeting helmet," which was more like a helmet than a brank and somewhat intricate of design. The wearer could not see out of it, so could not know who buffeted him. It is probable that these helmets were used for men and not for women.

A record of a woman sentenced to the brank runs as follows: "Dec. 3, 1714, Elisabeth, wife of George Holborn, was punished with the branks for two hours at the Market Cross, Morpeth, by order of Mr. Thomas Gait, and Mr. George Nicholls, then bailiffs for scandalous and opprobrious language to several persons in town, as well as to said bailiffs." The last time that a scold's bridle was used in public was at Congleton, in Cheshire, where they were apparently unwilling to give up a custom which they had always looked upon with much favor. Whether branks were much, or ever, used in private life, it is difficult to say, but one thing is certain—that both in public and private life the brank has left us for ever, and only serves as a rather grim reminder of the days of our forefathers.

WHERE THE NEXT WAR MAY BE WAGED

AFTER many false alarms, it is probable that Peru and Ecuador will furnish the next war. Their differences do not seem vital, as far as they are understood at this distance. There is a serious question of territorial rights involved, and certain privileges of trade and other intercourse between the two countries, but war feeling apparently springs from slights and affronts and animosities which have grown up out of comparative trifles.

Peru is not on really good terms with any of her neighbors. The boundary dispute with Brazil which has apparently been settled on fair terms, led, more than once, to serious danger of war. Chile is an old enemy, and Peru will never forget that the victorious Chileans wrested from their prostrate foe the rich nitrate region which has since been one of the chief sources of Chile's prosperity and revenue.

Bolivia is another neighbor of Peru that has been near to war over boundaries and trade rights. In that quarter the danger seems to have blown over, for the present, but Peru can count on nothing friendly from the Bolivians. Ecuador, not the larger and presumably stronger country, may find allies if war comes.

Peru was once the most important of the states or viceroyalties in Spain's American possessions, and to this day the Peruvians hold themselves above their neighbors, in their own estimation. Yet it is uncertain whether the country is gaining materially in population, although its area is ample for many times the present number of inhabitants, estimated all the way from less than 3,000,000 up to 5,000,000.

And the Peruvians are mainly of Indian blood, with many important barriers to prevent the union of the white minority—perhaps 14 per cent of the total population—with the Indian majority and the 25 per cent of mixed blood. They are not homogeneous, and the minority rules.

Peru is poor and wholly unprepared for war, in respect to national finances. As for armament, the army is both small and feeble, with only 4,000 officers and men, all told. The navy is even more insignificant, with five or six vessels in all, only one of size and speed worth considering.

Yet Peru ought to be stronger than Ecuador. That little republic contains less than 20 per cent as large an area, and the population is not more than 1,400,000 or perhaps 1,500,000. There are few inhabitants who are wholly white, the vast majority being Indians, while about 30 per cent are classed as of mixed blood, with the Indian strain predominating, in most cases.

Ecuador supports about as large a military establishment as that of Peru, the nominal strength of the army being a little over 4,000. But the navy is a joke. It consists of a torpedo launch and a transport. Altogether, the navy requires the services of about 120 men.

It would be a sorry spectacle to see these two South American states go to war. Neither has resources enough to carry on hostilities on a large scale, or for a long period. Both need careful nursing for the industries and commerce which are their hope of solid advancement.

It would not be possible for Peru to conquer Ecuador or Ecuador to overcome Peru so decisively that either could hope for large territorial gains, even if jealous neighbors would permit such aggrandizement of the victor.

In such a case it would be well for the world if there were some international court which could not only try an international case but enforce its decision. Peru and Ecuador would make a comic opera war, in many respects, but neither country can afford the show.

At Odds With The Regent

By BURTON E. STEVENSON

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CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

"Excellent," I said; "but these papers must be prepared at once, mademoiselle."

"The duchess already has a thousand such," and the girl smiled. "She has been preparing them for many months. It will be necessary only to tie them together. But how shall we get them into Herault't hands?"

"I will deliver them, I said. "Nobody knows me in Paris."

"Good. That is arranged, then," said Cellamare. "Now as to these papers which you have just given me, mademoiselle. Let us see what they contain."

At that moment there was a blinding flash of lightning, and the rain, which had been long delayed, came down in torrents. The room grew very dark, and Cellamare arose and lighted two candles which stood on the table.

"These papers, M. le Prince," said Mlle. de Launay, as he sat down again, "contain a detailed account of the aid we may expect in France. Let me have them a moment.

Cellamare shot a questioning glance in my direction, which the girl intercepted.

"We have already had sufficient proof of the fidelity of M. de Brancas," she said.

"True!" he cried, heartily. "Pardon me, I pray you, monsieur."

"In affairs of this kind," I said, with a smile, "it is necessary for one to be cautious. I am quite ready to withdraw," and I arose from my chair.

"Stay, I beg of you," and Cellamare also arose and pressed me back. "Your advice will be invaluable."

The girl opened the packet and drew out one of the papers.

"This," she said, "is a statement of the forces which will muster to our support in Brittany. As you see, we can count upon nearly all the noble houses. Here is the name of each of them and the number of troops each can muster."

"Good," said Cellamare, taking the paper and looking it over carefully. "This promises at least 8,000 men."

She opened another paper.

"Here is a statement from Bayonne," she said. "The town will be opened to the Spanish troops without resistance. The regiment quartered there, which is commanded by the Duc de Richelieu, will join the Spanish army, and the town has also promised to raise a regiment."

"A good point," and Cellamare scanned this paper as he had the first. "This will give us a stronghold on the border of France, through which we can advance upon Paris. And two regiments are not to be laughed at."

Mlle. de Launay opened a third paper.

"This is a statement of de Mesmes, president of parliament," she said. "He has gained to our interests a majority of the members, and so soon as we strike a blow the parliament will declare for us and will instruct the citizen soldiery of Paris to take up arms in our behalf."

"Ah, ah!" and Cellamare's eyes were sparkling. "This is best of all. We shall be able to strike the regency right at its heart."

The girl doubtless felt the enthusiasm of the Spaniard, but she preserved an admirable composure. As for me, I judged it best to use my ears and not my tongue.

"This is a statement from Cardinal de Polignac," she continued, opening yet another paper. "It was he, you may remember, who in 1697 caused the Prince de Conti to be chosen King of Poland, although, unfortunately, he never ascended the throne. Still, the Poles idolized him and they remember Polignac. Five thousand lances are assembling at the frontier and will be ready to follow him into France in a week's time. They are concentrating at two points, Arlon and Landau."

"Nothing could be better!" cried Cellamare, and as for myself, I confess that I felt slipping from me one by one the doubts I had entertained as to the success of the conspiracy.

"The other papers are of less importance," she concluded, "though important enough in themselves. These, for instance, are pledges of support from the Marquis de Pompadour and the Marquis de Laval, who will bring us the united strength of the Montmorencies. Here are some papers from the Abbe Brigaut, who has attended to much of the correspondence for us, assisted by the Chevalier de Menil, and who assures us that half the remaining nobility of the kingdom, who have been insulted by the regent, will be with us. And here are a dozen others of the same kind."

"All of which would have made interesting reading for the regent," I remarked, dryly, and Cellamare nodded thoughtfully.

"And now, M. le Prince, what have you done?" demanded the girl, with blazing eyes. "Madame du Maine wishes me to urge haste above everything. Today's affair shows we have no time to lose."

"I received a letter this morning from Cardinal Alberoni, prime minister of Spain," answered Cellamare, "and he assures me that the armies of Spain will be ready to cross the frontiers of France in a week's time."

"We shall, then, send out instructions to all our allies to strike the first blow one week from today. Do you agree?"

"One week from today let it be," said Cellamare, his hands trembling with emotion.

"This is the 15th of December. One week from today will be the 22nd. At 7 in the morning, then, let Philip of Spain be proclaimed regent of France. Do your part, M. le Prince, and Madam du Maine will do hers." I swear she was the coolest of the three.

"It is agreed," and Cellamare bowed.

"Come, monsieur," said mademoiselle to me, "let us hasten back and inform the duchess of our decision."

"But what of our wounded friend in the room there?" I asked.

"I will attend to him," said Cellamare, "and see that he is kept in a place where he can do not harm."

"All is arranged then; come," and Mlle. de Launay hurried from the room and down the stairs.

The clocks were striking three as we reached the street. The sky had cleared and the sun was shining, but the rainfall had been very heavy. The streets were filled with water almost to the houses, and the wide gutters in the middle had been converted into great turgid streams. Across these planks were thrown here and there, forming rude bridges for the accommodation of pedestrians. We picked our way along the slippery stones near the houses, my companior choosing a circuitous route which finally brought us again to the Rue des Frondeurs, and along it to the Rue St. Honore. Here the floods of water from the neighboring streets had concentrated into a perfect river, through which a continuous stream of carriages splashed, making it impossible to keep the bridges in position.

"Oh, what shall we do?" she cried, as we stopped at the edge of this torrent. "We must not remain here. How are we to cross?

"I see only one way, mademoiselle," I answered, and before she could protest I caught her up in my arms and was splashing through the muddy water. Just as I reached the middle of it a passing carriage barred my progress. An irresistible attraction drew my eyes to the window, and I saw there the face of Louise Dacour. She was looking into my eyes, a disdainful smile just curving her lips. I bowed to her, but she made no sign of recognition, and in an instant had disappeared.

CHAPTER XIII.

At the Theatre-Francais.

I left Mlle. de Launay at the Tuileries, promising to call at 8 o'clock for the papers, and returned to the Rue des Saints Peres in no very happy frame of mind. Why Mlle. Dacour had chosen to ignore me was a problem which I tried in vain to solve, and preoccupied with this mystery, I pushed my way through the crowd without seeing it. Jacques had dinner awaiting my return, and after changing my clothes, which had been sadly bespattered in the passage of the Rue St. Honore, I hastened to appease my hunger. When I was once more alone before the fire with a bottle of wine at my elbow, I turned again to the solution of the problem. But in all those sweet perplexities of woman's nature I was the merest novice—though I have since grown wiser by dint of much careful study—and I puzzled my head to no purpose. Twilight came while I sat there musing, and Jacques entered with the candles.

"Has monsieur decided where he will spend the evening?" he asked.

"Why, no," I said. "I have an engagement at 8 o'clock, but 'twill keep me no longer than half an hour."

"Permit me to remind monsieur that M. le Duc has always places reserved at the Opera and the Comedie, and that these are at monsieur's service."

"A thousand thanks, Jacques, for your thoughtfulness!" I cried. "And what is the programme for this evening?"

"The Opera will be closed, as a new piece is in preparation there, but at the Comedie will be produced M. Voltaire's tragedy of 'Oedipe,' which has created such a furore since its first representation a month ago."

In fact, I had myself seen many of the bills announcing the tragedy and had heard some talk of it on the streets.

"I shall go," I said. "Thanks, again, for your thoughtfulness, Jacques."

"I will see that M. le Duc's place is at the disposal of monsieur," he answered, and withdrew.

I looaked over my wardrobe with care and selected the most elaborate costume I possessed, as best suited to the fashionable world of the theatre into which I was about to venture. I heard 7 o'clock striking as I finished my toilet, and knowing that I had no time to lose, I buckled on my sword and left the house, declining a carriage which Jacques offered me, since my first errand must be done on foot. It was not yet 8 o'clock when I reached

HOW TO FIND OUT

Fill a bottle or common glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling usually indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys. Too frequent desire to urinate, scanty supply, pain or dull ache in the back, should also convince you that the kidneys or bladder are out of order.

What To Do.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, fulfills almost every wish in relieving pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold urine, and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many times during the night to urinate.

The mild, pleasant and extraordinary effect of Swamp Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful results in the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine, you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes.

You may have a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, and a book that tells all about it, both sent absolutely free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing be sure to mention that you read this generous offer in the Toledo Weekly Blade. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

When You Think

Of the pain which many women experience with every month it makes the gentleness and kindness always associated with womanhood seem to be almost a miracle. While in general no woman rebels against what she regards as a natural necessity there is no woman who would not gladly be free from this recurring period of pain.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well, and gives them freedom from pain. It establishes regularity, subdues inflammation, heals ulceration and cures female weakness.

Sick women are invited to consult us by letter, *free*. All correspondence strictly private and sacredly confidential. Write without fear and without fee to World's Dispensary Medical Association, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y.

If you want a book that tells all about woman's diseases, and how to cure them at home, send 31 one-cent stamps to pay cost of wrapping and mailing *only*, and we will send you a *free* copy of Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser—revised, up-to-date edition, in handsome French cloth binding.

gaged her in conversation, for I was ill at ease. It seemed to me that I was being dragged into the conspiracy much deeper than I had bargained for, and yet I saw no way to extricate myself, however much I might wish to do so. And I realized more vividly than ever that I was not made for intrigue.

I was anxious to have the errand done, and I hurried from the place and made my way to the Rue Jean St. Denis, down which I turned until I unforeseen difficulty confronted me, reached the Rue de Beauvais. Here an unforseen difficulty confronted me, for though I knew I was to leave the papers with the concierge of the corner house, I did not know which corner. As the Rue Jean St. Denis ended here, there were only two corners to choose from, and I looked at these with attention. The building on the right was a handsome edifice of four stories, extending down the Rue de Beauvais to the Rue Fromenteau, and along the Rue Jean St. Denis a corresponding distance. I reflected that Herault would not be likely to choose the concierge of such an imposing edifice as a depository for his papers, and turned my attention to the opposite side. The corner house here was a small one, stuck in, as it were, to fill an angle left by the two adjoining buildings. It was only two stories in height, the ground floor being occupied by a cabaret which seemed well patronized. I decide at once that this was the place, and, pulling my hat down over my eyes and wrapping my cloak about my face, I approached it.

I looked about, but could discover no sign of a concierge, and turned the corner into the Rue de Beauvais. Here fortune favored me, for I found a little court which gave entrance to the interior of the building. In one corner of this court was a hut of one room, with a large window commanding the entrance, by the candle within I saw a little old man sitting at a table, apparently asleep. I opened the door.

"Are you the concierge?" I asked, touching him with my foot.

He awoke with a start and sat blinking at me.

"I asked if you are the concierge," I repeated.

"The concierge?" he stammered. "Yes, yes. What is it, monsieur?"

"You sometimes receive papers and letters, do you not?"

"Sometimes, monsieur."

"And what do you do with them?"

"I give them to the person for whom they are intended, monsieur," and he smiled cunningly.

"All right," I said. "I see you are my man. These must be delivered to that person at once. Tell me the first leter of his name."

"H, monsieur."

"Good. Here are the papers," and I gave him the packet and turned to leave.

"But your name, monsieur?" he cried.

"He will know from whom they come," I answered. "It is always safer not to mention names," and I hurried from the place, for I feared that one of Herault's agents might arrive while I was there. I met no one, however, and turning up the Rue du Chantre, soon reached the Palais Royal.

The Theatre-Francais occupied a portion of the left wing, and the entrance was crowded with gayly dressed people. Thanks to Jacques, who had been before me, I had no difficulty in securing the place reserved for Richelieu at the right of the stage, and I looked about me with no little interest and some astonishment. The hall was not very large and but indifferently lighted. Two rows of boxes extended in a semicircle around it, encircling the pit, which was without seats. It was already filled with a crush of people, who were compelled to stand on tiptoe and look over each other's shoulders to catch a glimpse of the stage. The stage itself appeared to be a mere strip of planks in the midst of this sea of people, for on either side of it were four rows of seats, one above the other, enclosed in a gilt railing, and at the back thirty or forty people were standing, through whom the actors must force their way in order to reach the front. As was inevitable in such a multitude, there was a perfect babel of conversation. Most of the boxes were still empty, but from the pit came an uproar indescribable. The din was increased by dealers in lemonade and sweetmeats, who pushed their way through the crowd crying their wares.

The boxes filled gradually, most of them being occupied by elegantly attired ladies, many of whom were masked. My attention was attracted by a party of especially distinguished appearance with entered the box across from mine. It consisted of three ladies, all wearing masks.

The ringing of a bell drew my eyes to the stage, and those who had come only to see the assembling of the audience withdrew and received their money back as they passed out. A boy snuffed the row of candles which served as footlights, and the bell tapped a second time. Something like stillness fell upon the house, and I saw two gentlemen attired in the mode of Paris, with swords at their sides, precisely as had every gentleman in the audience, break a way through the crowd at the back of the stage and advance to the front. One, so the playbill told me, was the Prince of Eubœa, and the other his friend Dimas, and the opening couplet was ringing in the air—

"Philoctete, est-ce vous? Quel coup affreu du sort
Dans ces lieux empestes vous fait chercer la mort?"

From that instant I forgot the audience and no longer saw the anachronism which gave this Greek tragedy all the appointments of a French contemporary drama. I heard only the majesty of the lines, as the story moved on without interruption to the tragedy which was its climax. Thunders of applause interrupted the actors at every moment. The audience found in the first scene a reference to the king, then only eight years old, and to the regent. These were clapped to the echo, and the actors were recalled at the end of the scene.

The act once over, the hubbub of voices arose again, and I had leisure to look about me. Unconsciously my eyes wandered to the box opposite, and I started as I fancied I saw one of the masked ladies make a motion to me with her fan. I told myself I must be mistaken, but a moment later the signal was repeated. I arose from my chair and looked questioningly at her, still incredulous of my good fortune. She nodded her head and again beckoned with her fan. This time there was no mistaking her meaning, and I hurried from my box and made my way through the crowd as rapidly as possible to the other side of the theatre. With fast-beating heart I tapped at the door of the box where the three ladies sat.

"Enter, monsieur," said a low voice, which I recognized at once as that of Mlle. de Valois. "Ah, M. de Brancas," she continued, holding out her hand, "you are welcome. But I am ashamed of you, sir. Do you always compel a lady to give you three invitations?"

"It was because I could not believe in my good fortune, mademoiselle," I cried. "Had I known who you were, I fear I should not have waited for even one invitation."

"I see my mask is no diguise, monsieur," laughed the princess, "for you seem to know me now. Pray tell me, do you know these other ladies?"

"I know Mlle. Dacour," I answered, bowing to one of the other two, who remained silent, apparently absorbed in watching the crowd in the pit.

"And how do you know that?" she asked.

"By the beating of my heart, mademoiselle," I answered.

The princess laughed merrily.

"A pretty compliment, upon my word," she cried. "Come, Louise, are you not going to give M. de Brancas your hand to kiss as a reward?"

"M. de Brancas is too fond of kissing hands," she retorted, without looking at me. "Let him find others, as he has doubtless already done."

Mlle. de Valois glanced at my lugubrious face and burst into another peal of laughter.

"It is too amusing," she cried. "But first, monsieur, let me introduce you to this other lady, concerning whom your heart tells you nothing—my sister, Mlle. de Chartres."

I bowed to the lady, who was apparently some years older than Mlle. de Valois, and who smiled at me graciously. The princess was still laughing.

"Oh, come, M. de Brancas," she said, "put off that melancholy air. You should rejoice rather than despair, for, do you know, Louise is doing you the honor of being jealous of you. This afternoon we were out driving, and in the Rue St. Honore who should we see but M. de Brancas wading across the street and with a young and pretty woman held very affectionately in his arms. It made my blood leap and I was for cheering you from the carriage window, but Louise held me back, and in a moment you were gone. I thought it fine, but she said it was disgraceful, and nearly died with laughing at her indignant face."

"Oh, this is too much!" cried Mlle. Dacour, starting from her seat. "I will not remain here to be insulted in this manner."

"Oh, do not go, mademoiselle!" I implored.

"Yes, stay, Louise," said the princess. "I promise not to tease you further. Besides," she added, mischievously, "M. de Brancas doubtless has an explanation to offer, and perhaps he was not holding her so affectionately as I imagined."

I would have told them at once that it had been a question of necessity and not at all of affection, but at that moment the bell rang and the second act began. I forgot my fair companions in the interest of the tragedy. The laughing voice of Mlle. de Valois aroused me.

"Ah, M. de Brancas," she said, "it is evident that you have never before seen the 'Oedipe.' Here sit beside me. If you are very good and answer my questions nicely I shall let you sit beside Louise, and you will have only yourself to blame if you do not make peace with her. She is dying of curiosity to learn the lady's name. Have you heard from Richelieu?" she asked in a lower tone.

"I have heard only that he is on the road to Bayonne," I answered.

"And you think he should remain there?"

"I believe it would be best for the present, mademoiselle."

"Ah, but, M. de Brancas," she said, "suppose you were Richelieu and I Louise Dacour. Would you remain at Bayonne?—Do not answer me, I see in your face that you would not. Listen. Richelieu will be in Paris tomorrow night."

"Tomorrow night," I gasped.

"Yes. He will doubtless go first to his hotel, where you will meet him. So soon as you see him give him this note," and she handed me a little perfumed missive. "The note, I may as well tell you, states that at 10 o'clock tomorrow night I shall be at the house of a friend in the Rue Jean Tison, the third house from the corner of the Rue Bailleul, on the right-hand side. Rap three times and the door will be opened to you without question. Mount the stairs to the first floor. Louise will be there also. Do you understand, monsieur?"

"Yes, yes, I said, and placed the note in my pocket.

"You do not seem to consider any longer the danger to which Richelieu will be exposed," she said, slyly.

"Oh, if Louise is there," I murmured.

"You are charming, M. de Brancas," said the princess, and she gave me an adorable smile. "Now take your reward. Sit by her side and whisper a few sentences such as that into those little pink ears of hers. She will soon be smiling."

The end of the second act gave me the opportunity of changing my seat.

"Oh, mademoiselle," I whispered, as I sat down beside her, "believe me, there are only two hands in the whole world that I desire to kiss—those two which are lying in your lap."

"Who was the lady you were with this afternoon?" she asked, not deigning to glance at me, but gazing straight in front of her.

"Mlle. de Launay," I answered.

"Mlle. de Launay?"

"Yes."

"You know her, then?"

"Richelieu introduced us. Madame du Maine asked me to accompany her this afternoon on an errand. On our way back to the Tuileries we found the way blocked by the flooded street. She was in haste, and as there was no other way, I carried her across. I did not enjoy the task, I assure you, mademoiselle."

"Come, Louise," cried the duchess, "we must go. It was not to see the 'Oedipe' that we came here. We have accomplished our mission and must return."

"Till tomorrow, then," I whispered to Louise as the ladies arose, and I fancied that she gave a slight affirmative nod of the head. I would have accompanied them, but the princess waved me back, and I returned to my box to witness the remainder of the play. It moved me strongly, and I was still thinking over its stirring periods as I reached the quays and crossed the river. As I turned down the Quai Malequest I fancied I heard footsteps behind me, but when I turned, saw no one. The street was very dark, the candles, which swung here and there in lanterns 20 feet above the roadway, having been extinguished by a gust of rain earlier in the evening and no attempt having been made to relight them.

I was stumbling on over the uneven pavement, when suddenly half a dozen shadows detached themselves from the wall in front of me, and at the same instant I heard hastening footsteps in my rear. Before I could draw my sword, or even, in fact, appreciate my danger, a dozen men threw themselves upon me. A gag was thrust into my mouth, a scarf bound over my eyes, my hands and feet were tied, and in a moment I was helpless. Some one was searching my pockets.

"Some more of the Cartouche gang," I thought.

"Handle him as gently as possible," I heard a voice say. "Now two of you lift him and bring him along."

I was lifted from the pavement and borne for some distance. Then I was placed in a carriage, which was driven rapidly through the streets. It rumbled across a bridge, stopped, and I heard a sentry's challenge.

"The Bastile again," I groaned to myself.

The carriage drove on and then came to a sudden stop. I was lifted out and carried into a room, the door of which I heard closed after me.

"Untie him," commanded a voice, and in a moment my hands and feet were free, the gag was taken from my mouth and the scarf whisked from my eyes. A man of middle age in the uniform of an officer of the guards stood before me.

"It is the first time I have had the pleasure of meeting you, M. de Brancas," he said, smiling. "I trust we shall be good friends."

"The beginning of our acquaintance does not seem to me a happy one," I answered. "But may I ask your name, monsieur?"

"I am called Herault, lieutenant of police," and he bowed.

"Herault?" I exclaimed.

"At your service," and he bowed again.

"And why have I been arrested, monsieur?" I asked.

"Ah, do not use so harsh a word!" he cried. "I assure you, monsieur you are not arrested, but merely detained. There is no charge against you, and on my word you shall be free again day after tomorrow."

"In the mean time, monsieur, you will be my guest, and I shall strive to make your stay a pleasant one."

I searched his face with my eyes, but it told me nothing. With a start I remembered the rendezvous, and my hand sought my pocket. The note Mlle. de Valois had given me was gone. In an instant I understood. The regent was setting another trap for Richelieu.

Herault read my face as he would have read an open book.

"I see you are beginning to understand, M. de Brancas," he said, still smiling. "It would be inconvenient to have you present at certain scenes which are to occur say 24 hours from now. Consequently you will be my guest for 36 hours."

I was still dazed at the discovery of this trap, and my mind was stumbling blindly along its intricacies.

"How did you learn of the existence of this note, monsieur?" I asked at length, finding here a problem which I could not solve.

"Ah, M. de Brancas," cried Herault, "it was there that you displayed an indiscretion which surprised me. Did you for a moment suppose that a masked lady, whose identity, however, was well known, could give you a note in a crowded house where there were 20 of my agents without this being perceived? Did you believe that you could talk of a rendezvous in a theatre box and not be overheard, provided the police wished to overhear you? You will answer, of course, that you talked in a low voice, but permit me to tell you something, monsieur, which may be of value to you in the future. In a theatre, a hall, or any place where there is a great crowd of people and consequently much noise, a single human voice seems to its possessor the most feeble instrument in the world. And yet, no matter how great the confusion, trained ears, such as my agents possess, can pick out that voice and follow it as though it were speaking alone in the stillness of the grave."

I understood but too clearly, and cursed my own folly and that of Mlle. de Valois.

"As I said before," continued Herault, "you are my guest. You are at my house in the Rue de Perpignan. But do not think of escape, monsieur. Twenty men guard every door and avenue of escape. I shall be obliged to station six in your apartment. They will be fully armed, and as you have not even your sword,"—I placed my hand at my side and found that my sword was indeed gone,—"you can easily realize how foolhardy it would be to attack them. They have instructions to kill you rather than permit you to escape and I should be truly sorry to have the incident end so unhappily."

He paused for a moment as though to allow his words to take effect, and then motioned me to follow him. We mounted two steep and narrow flights of stairs, passing several sentries on the way, and stopped before a door on the third floor. This Herault opened, and we entered. Six soldiers, all armed with swords and muskets were pacing up and down inside. An open door disclosed another and smaller room, in which there was a bed.

"I trust you will be comfortable here, monsieur," said Herault. "After all, it will be only for a short time. Is there anything you desire?"

"Nothing, monsieur," I answered.

"Good-night, then," and casting another glance around the apartment to assure himself that all was right, he withdrew. I heard him giving some orders outside the door, a bolt was thrown, and all was still. The six guards in my apartment continued marching up and down without saying a word. I realized that nothing could be done that night, and appreciating the value of sleep in clearing the brain and steadying the nerves, I undressed and went to bed. As I entered the smaller room two of the guards took their station at its open door, where they could observe my every movement, and I smiled to myself at the thought that Herault must indeed consider me formidable.

(To Be Continued.)

Distilling Wintergreen.

Bangor Commercial.

Oil of wintergreen was formerly distilled from the leaves of the wintergreen, commonly called in Maine boxberry or checkerberry, and is worth about $5 a pound troy. Almost all of the natural oil now on the market is obtained from sweet birch, a tree growing at its best in the southern Appalachian mountains. The bark alone is used for the distillation of the oil, and it is essential that it be green, for if it is allowed to dry out before distilling it becomes worthless for the production of oil.

The bark is stripped from the trunks and stumps and the longer limbs, but the twigs and the bark of the smaller limbs are not used. The bark is brought to the distiller and put on the floor, around which there is a narrow strip of lumber forming a shallow box. Here it is chipped up fine with axes, ready for distilling. The distillery consists of a floor on which the bark is chipped and one or more vats or stills with their condensers, and these are roofed over with a framework of poles covered with bark. This serves to protect the birch bark from the drying sun and the fires from the rain, as well as shielding the workers from the weather.

The stills are three feet wide by four feet long and three feet deep. They are constructd of wood with iron bottoms and steamtight tops that can be removed. The still is placed in a position on two parallel rows of flat rocks, one under each side of the box, leaving a space underneath to place the fire. The smoke escapes through a low rock chimney or pipe at the rear.

Inside the box and about four inches above the iron bottom is a grating of wooden strips four inches wide and placed about one inch apart. Under this grating water is boiled by a fire placed on the ground under the iron bottom and the chipped bark rests on the grating. The grating thus keeps the bark out of the water, and the steam alone as it rises through the still filled with bark extracts the oil.

The condenser consists of a straight iron water pipe, which is laid in a trough through which the water from a brook is deflected. The condensed water and oil are collected in a glass jar, the mouth of which is covered with a cloth, through which the oil and water are strained. The oil sinks to the bottom of the jar; the smoky water as it overflows returns by another pipe to the bottom of the still and is boiled over again, and keeps up the necessary supply of water for the distillation.

Being Game.

When your hands forget their cunning
and your limbs have lost their fleetness,
And your tongue has no more neatness
in its repartee and punning,
When your eyes grow dim and dimmer,
and your ears commit high treason,
And the sunlight of your reason is a
vague, uncertain glimmer—

Will you mourn about your youthful
days and call to mind their glories
With a bunch of wondrous stories that
are more or less untruthful?
Will you make yourself unpleasant, in
old-age's hard-bought leisure
With your sighs for bygone pleasure and
your hatred of the present?

Or, will you be contented that your days
of toil are ended?
Will you say that rest's more splendid
than the bards have represented,
And give thanks for the redemption of
your happines—that then you
Need no more explore the strenuous—
that you have earned exemption?

I think that I shall follow such a course,
when life's at fall-time;
I'll be happy that for all time I've escaped joys that are hollow;
I'll deem seventy a higher point of happiness than forty—
(Or I'll say so, and be sporty, even if I am a liar!)

THE STANDARD OF LIVING

Higher in the United States Than in European Countries.

New York World.

Half the families of the country live in their own homes. No great European nation approaches this proportion, except France. A small part of northern Itlay has peasant proprietors; Ireland may have them under the land act. The tenements of New York compare favorably with Liverpool's or Berlin's, with their large percentage of one and two-room homes.

Our savings bank deposits per inhabitant are supressed by those of Norway, Denmark and Switzerland, but this test is almost valueless. We have perhaps one-tenth as many paupers in proportion as Great Britain. In New York public charity is a small item. In the budget of Berlin it is a big one. Where paupers are plenty living standards are low.

Americans in the cities are better dressed to the eye than people abroad though the tariff on woolens deprives many of warm underclothing. Yet Robert Blair, education officer for London, says, "Of the 700,000 children in London schools, approximately 60,000 appear to be necessitous in the winter season." There is no such proportion here. For education we spend much more than other nations—whether with better results than Germany or Switzerland is disputed.

There remains the most vital consideration—diet. A race insufficiently fed declines in size or vigor. Mulhall gives these estimates of annual meat consumption in pounds per individual:

United States	120	Norway, etc.	67
England	105	Australia	49
France	74	Spain	48
Germany	69	Russia	48
Belgium	69	Italy	23
Holland	69		

The diet of Massachusetts operatives' families is here compared with the Voit minimum standard, and with the diet of Neapolitan factory hands as given by Manfredi:

	Voit Min.	Naples.	Mass.
Albumen (grams)	118	70	100-220
Fats	56	31	100-260
Carbohydrates	500	368	400-700

But the Massachusetts and Naples figures are old, the Voit standard takes no account of climate or of the size of individuals, and Mulhall's estimates are only approximate. The diet of the people has undoubtedly been lowered of late in disease-resisting and energy-producing value by high prices of food, especially meat.

We are better fed still than European people. Anything like permanent decline in the nation's diet would mean decreased efficiency—a calamity so appalling that statesmanship has no duty comparable with that of averting it by reform in methods of distribution, and by relieving poverty, at the cost of wealth, of the heavy taxation it bears.

The Kid and the Goat.

"Where are you going with that goat, little boy?"

"Down to the lake. Come along if you wanter see some fun. This here goat has jest et a crate of sponges an' I'm goin' down an let him drink!"

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No women need any longer dread the pains of childbirth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 429 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book, which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

Up-Set Sick Feeling

that follows taking a dose of castor oil, salts or calomel, is about the worst you can endure—Ugh—it gives one the creeps. You don't have to have it—CASCARETS move the bowels—tone up the liver—without these bad feelings. Try them. 914

CASCARETS 10c a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

I have a grade Jersey cow that was fresh March 1. She has been fed on oats and buckwheat, ground together, and mixed hay. About three weeks after she became fresh the milk from the right front teat was lumpy, and is that way about once a week since. That quarter of her udder does not seem to reduce after milking. She had the same trouble a few times before she went dry, but not so seriously. Will some reader please tell me what is the cause and what I can do for her?—M., Morgantown, W. Va.

I would like to learn, through the Farmstead column, how to feed and care for incubator chicks. I hatched 60 from 120 eggs. I put them in the brooder at once, and the room was warm; did not feed them for 24 hours, and then fed light bread and cornmeal dry, and gave water and grit. They took the white diarrhoea and now they are nearly all dead. Some tell me the trouble was caused from chill and others that I kept them too warm. Will someone who has had experience in this line please come to my aid?—Mrs. C., Spring Creek, Pa.

At our home we are afflicted with a little grayish-looking spider which has red legs and is about the size of a chicken louse. They are in the grass, ground, on porches, and all over the siding of the house, and are also inside of the house. In one room I have to sweep them from the ceiling. I have tried innumerable remedies, but have found no relief. We have suffered this affliction for four years. Usually the pests come in April and stay until the first week in June, but this year they came in March. Is there a reader of Farmstead who can tell me what to do?—Mrs. S., Bloomginton, Ill.

Is there a reader who can tell me how I can prevent the grass on my lawn from dying out? The edge of the lawn next to the street is made ground, and is two feet higher than the street and the sidewalk. There are four large, thrifty maple trees in this part of the lawn, and the grass has been dying for several years. Of course the lack of sunlight and moisture is the cause, and I wish to know if there is any special kind of grass that will grow under these conditions?—M., Mercer, Pa.

Does any reader know how rubber may be melted and then reformed? My idea is to use it in filling leaks in boats.—B., Rockford, O.

WILD MUSTARD

Ed. Farmstead—One reader wants to know how to kill wild mustard in heavy soil. I have a patch which I have been pulling for the last 20 years, except when in meadows. It doesn't mature when in heavy grass, but if cultivated will make a heavy growth. Begin to pull when the seed matures, and get after it every ten days, or when you see a plant. If any matures and is in a condition to grow I burn it. Care should be taken not to leave any seed on the land. I found but a few plants the last year I cultivated my ground. Should it come up with a new seeding the blossoms should be watched for and pulled as often as one makes its appearance. By this method it may be gotten rid of the first year, but if it gets a good start it will take a long time.—F., Hillsdale, Mich.

TREATMENT OF RHUBARB

R., of Phillips, Neb., is having trouble with his rhubarb, according to a statement he makes through the Farmstead columns of The Blade. More than 20 years ago I bought the 20 acres we still live on. The land had been neglected, run by renters, and went with a hard name. Near the garden fence I found one bunch of mammoth pieplant, of the rhubarb variety, choked by June grass. We had only one mess the first season. The next spring I plowed a deep furrow in the center of the garden, dug up the bunch, divided it into 12 hills, and re-set it, first filling the furrow with fertilizer from the hennery. Since that time I plow near the row of pieplant every spring. I took up twelve bunches yesterday and sold them for 50 cents. We have all we can use and furnish our poor neighbors, if they come after it.—J., New Carlisle, Ind.

FOR THE GAPES

A., Mt. Nebo, W. Va.: For gapes in chickens use crude oil and sulphur. To a teacupful of crude oil add a tablespoonful of sulphur. Mix well and then insert in the throat with a fine feather. I know this will cure, for I have tried it for years. —Mrs. C., Spring Creek, Pa.

LIVE STOCK PAYS IN LONG RUN

Intelligent systems of live stock husbandry are the most profitable systems of farming under conditions likely to prevail for a long series of years, doubtless indefinitely. Then, too, in considering a question of such significance only averages extending over a series of years equally favorable to grain growing on the one hand and live stock production on the other should be considered conclusive. In these comparisons live stock production is likely to lose much in light of the fact that our crops are produced by men who are primarily successful grain growers, involving relatively simple operations, and who are more or less deficient in their knowledge of successful live stock management, which presents numerous complicated and involved processes. Because systems of successful live stock production present not only more, but also more complicated problems than systems of grain growing, adequate provision should be made for the investigation of these problems and the wide dissemination of the results of these investigations.—Prof. Herbert Mumford.

A HIGHER COURT.

Judge Jinks—My daughter, wasn't that young Mr. Hughtite who just went out?

Miss Jinks—Yes.

Judge Jinks—Did I not issue an injunction against his coming here?

Miss Jinks—Yes, but he appealed to a higher court and mamma reversed your decision.

GROWING CHILDREN

The Period when the Nervous Activity is at Its Greatest.

"Against the practice of giving tea and coffee to children, we cannot speak too strongly. Childhood is the period when the nervous activity is at its greatest. The brain is ever busy receiving new impressions. Reflex action, co-ordination of muscles, and the special senses are all under a special course of training.

"The nervous system is pushed to its utmost capacity, and long is the list of victims that follow its over-stimulation. In these little people nothing but harm can come from the use of such cerebral stimulants as tea or coffee. Bad, then, as this practice is, let us as physicians be aggressive in its prohibition.

"Do not be satisfied by answering 'No' when asked as to their use, but let us teach the families with whom we come in contact that such practice is evil. We speak emphatically, because not only among the poor and uneducated, but among the rich, who should know better, this practice is marvelously prevalent."—The Home Doctor.

Children like a warm beverage for breakfast and it is well for them to have it if the drink is a food and not a drug.

Postum is made to supply a rich nourishing liquid food with a crisp coffee taste for those who cannot and should not use coffee. Analysis shows it to contain about 14 per cent of muscle-forming elements and 66.11 per cent of energy and fat-producing elements, which go to nourish and sustain the delicate nerve centres throughout the body and from which the vital energy proceeds.

The success of child or adult depends largely upon proper sustenance for the body. Children who depend upon the intelligence of their elders to furnish them with good food deserve our most careful attention and thought.

Read "The Road to Wellville," found in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

THE TAKING OF PLANT FOOD FROM THE SOIL

By Dr. Cyril G. Hopkins.

THREE absolute essentials are of as great importance for plants as animals—good breeding, good feeding and good care. In animal production each of these factors has as a rule received much consideration. But in crop production the average farmer does not give much attention to the selection of seed and does not provide plant food for the crops. The farmer still practices every expedient known to man to get the fertility out of the soil without making any adequate return. But some farmers are already adopting permanent systems of farming under which the soil grows positively richer and permanently more productive. The cost of all the farm operations in growing the corn crop is just the same whether we grow 40 or 80 bushels to the acre.

The essentials in a system of farming that will increase and permanently maintain the fertility and production of the common land of Illinois are phosphorus, organic matter and limestone. Half a ton per acre of finely ground natural rock phosphate every four years will be ample.

For a 50-bushel crop of corn we must

These Were Used to Produce a 100-Bushel-Per-Acre Crop of Corn.

Man is trying to do two things—keep his soil fertile and at the same time convert as much plant food as possible into farm products. Modern machinery makes it possible to so cultivate land that great quantities of plant food are released. Deep plowing is recognized as an essential part of the work. Only that quantity of soil loosened sufficiently to permit free circulation of air will support ordinary farm crops; therefore, the deeper land is plowed the greater is the space over which roots can feed. Sixteen to eighteen inches is the depth land is plowed in France, where intensive agriculture is practiced.

plow under the equivalent of eight tons of average farm manure, or two tons of clover hay, and whoever fails to do as much as that will finally have soil that will not produce 50 bushels of corn per acre. That is a plain, hard agricultural fact. The nitrogen of our soil is contained only in the organic matter, which in our common soil consists of the partially decayed roots and residues of prairie grasses or other vegetation.

The grain and straw (or stalks) for one bushel of oats require one pound of nitrogen; of corn, one and one half pounds; of wheat, two pounds, a ton of timothy hay requires 24 pounds. When the stalks or straw is burned one-third of the nitrogen in the crop is lost. A ton of average manure contains ten pounds of nitrogen, a ton of clover hay, 40 pounds; a ton of cow pea hay, 43 pounds. The roots and stubble of clover do not return to the soil any more nitrogen than the crop takes from the soil. Half the value of manure is lost as a rule if it is left exposed for three months.

Use enough limestone to correct the soil acidity—about two tons per acre every four years to keep the soil sweet.

The phosphate and limestone will cost about $1.50 per acre a year. After this system is well under way the phosphate and limestone will add a ton per acre in the clover crop, ten bushels of wheat and 20 bushels of corn above the yields without limestone and phosphate. The proofs are shown by absolute chemical analysis and by the accurate results of hundreds of actual trials on many experiment fields. Thus plots at the University of Illinois which yielded 63 to 66 bushels per acre as a three-year average when broken from the sod in 1895, have as the average of the last three years yielded as follows: With catch crops and crop residues, 58 bushels per acre; with organic matter and limestone added, 64 bushels; with organic matter, limestone and phosphorus 87 bushels; phosphorus plots have grown about one ton more clover per acre.

Hundreds of practical, progressive farmers in Illinois have been using phosphorus from one to five years. So far as I have learned no man has given the use of phosphorus a fair trial and been disappointed in the result secured. Frank I. Mann, who farms 500 acres in Iroquois county, Illinois, has already covered all of his fields with half a ton of rock phosphate per acre, excepting check strips, and part of the farm has received the second application. His results show large increase from the use of phosphate during several previous years.

At Odin, Ill., as an average of the last six years, limestone has increased the yield of wheat from 15 to 19 bushels, and both limestone and phosphorus have increased the yield from 15 to 27 bushels. Many thousand tons of ground limestone are being used each year by southern Illinois farmers. There limestone is of the first importance, but as soon as organic matter can be plowed under, phosphate should also be added, while on the corn belt soils phosphorus should first be applied, especially for the benefit of the clover crop, and on most of the older soils limestone also. But the organic matter of the soil must also be maintained by plowing under much clover and all produce except the grain, or by using all produce for feed and bedding and returning all manure to the land with the least possible loss.

For any one to believe that crop rotation alone will maintain the fertility of the soil reveals gross ignorance of agricultural history and of absolute science, and for one to teach such a doctrine is a crime against posterity. Mathematics alone will show that the rotation of crops will no more maintain the fertility of the soil than the rotation of the check book among the members of the family will maintain the bank account. But some one will ask. "Don't we get larger crops when we rotate?" Certainly, and don't we also get more money out of the bank by rotating the check book? It is a fair comparison.

The official statistics of the United States show that consumption has overtaken production. As an average of 40 years we have scarcely maintained our yield per acre, in spite of the use of new lands and improvement in seed and in methods of cultivation; and we supported our increasing population only by increasing our acreage of cultivated land, and in late years we have also been compelled to decrease our exportation of foodstuffs in order to maintain a high standard of living.

The United States exports more than a million tons a year of our richest phosphate rock, receiving less than $5,000,000 at the mines. If this phosphorus were applied to our own lands it would be worth to us and our children not $5,000,000, but at least $1,000,000,000. If you had a 240-acre farm upon which you and your children must depend it would be altogether sensible, wise and businesslike to sell 40 acres at $200 an acre and invest the money in 1,000 tons of phosphate, with which you could double the phosphorus content of the remaining 200 acres.

Don't use burnt lime, which is very expensive and tends to burn out the organic matter of the soil and to destroy or waste the nitrogen; apply the natural limestone. When you apply phosphorus don't use small amounts of manufactured, acidulated, high-priced commercial fertilizers, which serve as soil stimulants and which have been used so extensively in the eastern states in systems which led only toward ultimate land ruin; but use large amounts of setamed bonemeal in emergencies, or, better still, larger amounts of fine ground natural rock phosphate, neither of which will ever injure any soil.

Let us have one state in the union whose soil shall not be ruined and whose children shall not be left with only a memory or tradition of the bountiful harvests of former years.

GARDEN NOTES

Wichita (Kan.) gardeners and orchardists tried to keep San Jose scale inspectors off their grounds, but were defeated in court when they tried to obtain an injunction for that purpose. Some people have to be forced to let others take care of their interests.

Wart disease, an importation from Europe, threatens the potatoes of the United States. Monster warts make the potatoes affected unsalable.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

Are Illinois soils inexhaustible? A Washington, D. C., article in the daily press quoted Professor Milton Whitney of the U. S. Department of Agriculture as saying that farm land would become 10 or 12 times as productive as it is now, the soil only needing proper methods of cultivation and rotation. This is not true for China, India, Russia nor the United States.

In China thousands of women with baskets make a business gathering from the streets the excrements of animals and men and exchange these fertilizers for food; even human urine is saved, so necessary is it to return plant food to the soil. Yet there are people in Illinois who believe that our soils are inexhaustible.

Ninety farms in the Illinois corn belt under better than ordinary management show, by the exact average yields of corn and oats for the last six years, a decline of 2.7 bushels of corn and 5.2 bushels of oats per acre, comparing the last three years with the six. But the addition of plant food in a university experiment on one of these farms has doubled the yield the last two years. In the famous Laws and Gilbert experiments for 60 years at Rothamsted, England, in a four-year rotation of turnips, barley, fallow and wheat, the yields of the past 20 years without fertilizer are only one-third as large as they were 50 years before on the same land. Wheat grown once in four years has been the only crop worth raising, but in direct comparison, where minerals were applied, the value of the crops was doubled and the plant food paid its cost and made a net profit of 140 per cent.

Ohio's careful experiments in a five-year rotation of corn, oats, wheat, clover and timothy for 15 years show an average increase of 50 per cent in yield from commercial plant food over the same crops of the unfertilized land.

Pennsylvania has 480 definite results from 20 plots of land during 24 years, which show that in a four-year rotation of corn, oats, wheat and hay, the value of the crops produced decreased 26 per cent in 12 years, without adding plant food, while the addition of mineral plant food produced an increase of 49 per cent as the average of the four crops for 24 years. —Dr. Cyril G. Hopkins, soil expert, University of Illinois.

PROFITABLE HENS

It is a well-known fact that there are some hens as well as some cows that are not paying well for the feed they consume. It is the star boarder of cows that are bills of expense above what they return in milk or butter that should be weeded out of the dairy herds. It is the hens that begin to lay late in the season and lay only a short period of time and only partially pay for what they eat that one should get rid of and breed a class of hens that have the inherent characteristic of laying while young and continuing to do so for a long time both in winter and summer.

In breeding chicks on the farm the system of selecting the eggs for hatching is likely to be faulty. The early laying pullets generally begin to lay in the fall or midwinter and have laid their first course of eggs before the eggs are saved for hatching. Then when the eggs are selected they come from the late-laying pullets and hens. It will be seen that in many cases the characteristics of the short-period hens are being bred along instead of those of the long-period hens. This may be the factor that decides whether the flock of hens kept are bred to pay well or do not pay well. Careful poultry

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FISHING INDUSTRY REVIVED

Hunting Monsters of Deep Planned for Whalers of New England.

Christian Science Monitor.

The first of a fleet of nine whaling vessels that have been outfitting at New Bedford has sailed in quest of the great mammals whereof the capture was in former years the object of a flourishing New England industry and the means of amassing many substantial fortunes. The present activity in the whale fishery is due to the fact that the sperm oil market is depleted and the price is up to 65 cents a gallon. Then whalebone is in steady demand at very profitable rates, while there is always the possibility of running across a lump of ambergris worth more than its weight in gold. Most of these nine whalers will make only short voyages, going to the Hatteras grounds in the North Atlantic; two or three, however, will make extended cruises to the West African coast waters.

Nantucket, long the world's greatest whaling port, embarked in sperm whale fishing as early as 1712, and in 1774, before the opening of the war of independence, a fleet of 300 vessels was engaged here. This fishery reached its climax in 1846, when it occupied a total of 735 vessels, having an aggregate capacity of 233,199 tons. Americans did not go into Arctic whale fishing until 1848. In the three years following 250 ships obtained cargoes in Bering strait.

For various reasons the whaling industry at Nantucket, New Bedford and other of our ports declined until there were very few ships visiting the fishing grounds. The spirit of adventure, the courage and the enterprise formerly displayed by the whaling masters of former days have not passed away, but in the latter generations they have been manifested in other fields. Now that they have been turned again to the old-time channels we have no doubt that even larger success than was achieved in the palmy period of the past will be the reward of the fishers of today. It is gratifying to witness a revival of the pursuit. We want our industries to be as diversified as possible, and this has promise of profit.

AIRSHIP CONTROL

English Engineer Believes They Can Be Controlled From Ground.

Philadelphia Enquirer.

An English engineer thinks that he has fallen upon a valuable discovery. He is demonstrating his power to control from the ground the movements of a small Zeppelin balloon by manipulating the keyboard of an electrical transmitter. It is his claim that he can sit in London, send an airship of size to the continent and drop flowers in the backyard of some friend or explosives upon the fortifications of an enemy.

Count Zeppelin has proved that under favorable conditions he can drive a dirigible balloon over a given city and that he can carry enough high explosives to blow up about everything in sight. But he has not shown that a balloon can do this at a high rate of speed, and speed is necessary if an airship is to escape the gunners beneath. For it is not to be presumed that an army expecting the visit of a hostile airship of any kind would allow the aerial craft to hover over a fort long enough to get the exact bearings and drop explosives.

Just as the torpedo boat was followed by the torpedo boat destroyer, so the war balloon will assuredly have to cope with guns specially invented to reach it. For scouting purposes the aeroplane or the dirigible may have important functions. Dirigibles of the Zeppelin type may even be constructed with a capacity sufficient to transport a considerable number of men. We may even have whole fleets of aerial transports. But it is quite another thing to send a balloon over a fort and maintain it at a level sufficiently low for the purpose of dropping explosives accurately upon a given object.

Nevertheless the English engineer's experiments are interesting. Anything that tends to make warfare more dangerous likewise tends to prevent combats.

Bench-Made Jokes.

Mrs. Smith-Jones-Brown (in Reno, Nev., effusively)—"Congratulations, my dear! I hear you just received your final decree?"

Mrs. Greene-Robinson-Johnson-Jackson—"Yes, indeed, and the judge paid me such a pretty compliment."

Mrs. S.-J.-B.—"Really? What was it?"

Mrs. G.-R.-J.-J.—"He said that in view of my excellent record in the divorce courts, an honorary decree should be conferred on me."

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. In fials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

COMETS

Will you please tell what a comet is, what composes it, and from where it comes?—J. S., Central City, Ia.

The following was taken from one of our reference books concerning comets: Comets are doubtless visitors, and not members of the solar system in any such sense as are the planets. Until recently it was believed that they came from interstellar space; but from the facts that hyperbolic orbits are extremely rare, and that there is no distinct arrangement of their orbits relative to the direction of the sun's motion in space, it now appears nearly certain that they originate in clouds of matter whi par-take of the motion, remote, outlying remnants of the huge nebula within which the solar system is supposed to have been developed. The distance from which they descend and to which they return is, however, generally so great that their orbits, though really elliptical, cannot be distinguished from parabolas in that part near the sun. The orbits of short period (Jupiter's comet family, for instance) are in all probability due to the capture of comets passing near one of the larger planets under such conditions that their speed is retarded, while the few hyperbolic orbits are explained by planetary encounters under the less favorable conditions which produce acceleration. The dimensions of comets are enormous: none less than 10,000 miles in diameter are recorded, and some have considerably exceeded the size of the sun itself. Their mass, on the other hand, is relatively insignificant, as is demonstrated by the fact that in certain cases, when they have passed so close to a planet as to suffer violent perturbation and even disruption, the planet itself and its satellites have shown not the slightest effect from the encounter. The mean density of comets must therefore be extremely low, comparable with that of the best artificial vacuum. But it does not follow that they may not contain dense particles of stone or even iron, widely diffused in rarefied gas; indeed this is probably from the ascertained connection between comets and meteors, and from certain spectroscopic phenomena. While reflecting sunlight to some extent the comet is also self-luminous with a light in some way excited by its approach to the sun, though not by simple heating. The spectrum is always mainly gaseous, and is unusually marked by four bright bands identical with those given by the blue cone of a Bunsen burner flame; there are, however, occasional exceptions and when a comet has passed very near the sun, as in 182, the bright lines of various metals have appeared in the spectrum. The gaseous spectrum must not be regarded as showing that the gas is the principal constituent of the comet's mass, but only that it is the one which is most conspicuously luminous; nor must it be taken as necessarily indicating a flame-like temperature; it is much more probable that the temperature is low, and that the gas shines by luminescence rather than by heat. While the tail of a comet is due mainly to solar repulsion, there is also distinctive evidence of forces acting from within the comet itself, excited by the nearness of the sun. The tail often consists of a number of streams emanating from the comet's head, and this type is perhaps more frequent than the horn-shaped cone which envelops the head and widens out behind it. As to the energy which acts against gravitation and drives off the materials of the train, it is likely that several forces cooperate, namely, the recently demonstrated repulsive power of light waves upon minute articles, etc.

BUFFALO BILL

Will the Question Bureau please give a life of William F. Cody?—R. S., Burnett Creek, Md.

William Frederick Cody was born in Iowa in 1845. His father was one of the early pioneers of Kansas. He formed one of the company who laid out the city of Leavenworth, and took an active part in making Kansas a free state. He was stabbed at an exciting political meeting. After this he was obliged to flee from his home and family, sheltering himself where he could. He finally died from exposure, in 1857. At this time Russell, Majors & Waddell were employed by the government in carrying stores across the plains, and young Cody hired out to them, and in their employ was obliged to visit every military fort and post west of the Missouri river. He became a favorite among the plainsmen and soldiers, and it was during this period that he had his first experience of Indian fighting, having, it is said, shot and killed an Indian when he was only 11 years of age. In 1861 he was called home to the bedside of his sick mother. She died during his visit and, as the civil war had then begun and Cody had some record as a frontiersman, he was employed as an Indian scout and served to the close of the war with the Seventh Kansas cavalry. He had become a dead shot with the rifle, and after the close of the war he entered the employ of Shoemaker, Miller & Co., constructors of the Kansas Pacific railway. He entered into a contract with the company for a monthly compensation of $500, to supply their force of laborers with buffalo meat, and in 18 months he killed 4,280 buffaloes, on which account he received the title of "Buffalo Bill." In the spring of 1868 he reentered army life and was appointed by Gen. Sheridan chief of scouts for the department of the Missouri and the Platte. He was scout and guide for the Fifth cavalry against the Sioux and Cheyennes. He then served with the Canadian river expedition in 1868-69, and continued to act in the capacity of scout until 1872, making his headquarters at Fort McPherson, Neb. It was at this time that he was elected representative from the Twenty-sixth district of Nebraska in the state legislature. After his term of office expired Cody was offered the position of guide for the Russian Grand Duke Alexis and his party, who were going out on the plains on a hunting expedition. He accepted the offer and piloted their entire party through their excursion, bringing them back without a single accident and loaded with game. He was richly rewarded.

In 1876 the Sioux war was begun, and Cody, who had at this time first started in his theatrical experience with a company of Indians and scouts, disbanded them, joined the Fifth cavalry and in the battle of Indian Creek, in a hand-to-hand fight, killed Yellow Hand, a Cheyenne chief. After the Indian war was over he again turned his attention to the show business and produced what is known as the Wild West, which became a great success in both America and Europe.

NEW MEXICO

Please give a description of the state of New Mexico.—J. J. G., Chavies, Ala.

The agricultural products of New Mexico are corn, wheat, oats, barley, potatoes, forage, beans, peas, onions, and orchard fruits. The climate of New Mexico is very dry and healthful. The greatest rainfall occurs between May and August, the least between February and April. The prevailing winds are southwest, west, southeast and east. The summer temperature is sometimes high, especially in the southern part, owing to the dryness of the atmosphere the heat is never oppressive and the nights are always cool.

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

Please give description of the Hawaiian Islands.—C. B., Plymouth, Ia.

The Hawaiian islands lie 2,100 miles southwest of San Francisco. They consist of seven inhabited islands—Hawaii, Maui, Lanai, Molokai, Oahu, Kauai and Niihau. There is one, recently deserted, called Kahulaui, with 12 islet rocks and coral reefs visited for eggs and guano. They extend in a line 250 miles northwest from the largest, Hawaii, which contains 4,004 square miles of their total 6,538.

The second largest is Mauri and the third Oahu. The latter is the richest per acre and contains the capital and seaport Honolulu. The population in 1900 was 153,727.

FIRST USE OF PAPER

Please tell by whom paper was first used and for what purpose.—C. M. M., Marlboro, N. Y.

The ancient Egyptians used the sedge or bulrush plant that grew around the Nile and the marshes of Egypt as paper. It was primarily used for the purpose of writing upon, though articles were often wrapped in the thin sheets. The natives stripped the rind from the long stems, exposing the pitch which was then cut into thin strips. These were laid out flat side by side, forming a layer upon which other strips were laid at right angles to the first. The two layers were then compressed so as to adhere to one another. Sometimes three layers were superposed. The article formed was called papyrus. The existence of this has been traced back to 24,000 B. C., and no doubt it then had been in use for a long time. In China a similar article made of rice stalks had been used the same way. It was not until the 12th century that the new paper composed of materials after they had been reduced to a pulp came into existence.

SIR ISAAC BROCK

Will you please kive a sketch of Sir Isaac Brock, to whom a statue was erected in Canada?—E. M., Ashland, Ill.

Sir Isaac Brock, the English soldier, was born October 6, 1769, and died October 13, 1812. Brock being a native of England, was educated at Southampton and Rotterdam, entering the army in 1785. Later he was transferred to another regiment and saw service in the West Indies. In 1802 he went to Canada at the head of that regiment, returning to England three years later, but in 1806 Brock was again in North America. He was made a major general in 1811, and the following year, when the war with the United States broke out, it was Brock who compelled the surrender of Hull at Detroit. For this service he received knighthood in the Order of the Bath, but he did not live long to enjoy the honor, for during an attack on Queenstown by another American force, only three days after he was knighted, he was mortally wounded. The house of commons immediately voted a sum of money for a monument to Brock, which now stands in St. Paul's cathedral, London. There is another monument to him at Queenston, erected at public cost in 1842.

O. K.

Will the Question Bureau please tell what it knows about origin of the term O. K.?—W. G., Coldwater, Mich.

One of the earliest officials of the national government, called upon to approve the accounts of another official, wrote "O. K." for "all correct," which he spelled "Orl Korrect." The phrase came into general use, and, although it was classed as slang, it has become the official sign of approval. To write "O. K." on a document or an account is to approve it or to testify to its correctness.

GEORGE E. PUGH

Please giv ea biograph~ of George E. Pugh.—A. D. E., Manchester, Mich.

George Ellis Pugh the senator, was born November 28, 1822, and died July 19, 1876. After his graduation from college he adopted the profession of law. When the Mexican war broke out Pugh was a captain in a regiment of Ohio volunteers. He held several important offices in Ohio, among them being a legislature member, solicitor of the city of Cincinnati, and another as attorney general of the state. He was also a United States senator for six years, being a member of the committee on public lands, and on the judiciary. In 1869 he became very active in Democratic politics, making a speech in 1862 in defense of Clement L. Vallandigham. The same year he ran for lieutenant governor, but was defeated. Pugh was gifted with a power of vehement, earnest utterance, and with a marvelous memory that enabled him to cite one authority after another even to the number of the pages.

TANNING SKINS

Will you please tell me again how to tan skins? I mislaid the article which was recently printed in these columns and which gave the method.—S. T., Elmira, Mich.

An excellent plan for tanning any kind of skins with the fur on is to proceed as follows: Cut off all the useless parts, soak the skin in order to soften it, then remove the fat matter from the inside and soak the skin in warm water for an hour. Next mix equal parts of borax, saltpetre and glauber salts (sulphate of soda), in the proportion of about ½ ounce of each for each skin, with sufficient water to make a thin paste. Spread this mixture with a brush over the inside of the skin, applying more on the thicker parts than on the thinner; double the skin together, flesh side inwards, and place it in a cool place. After standing 24 hours, wash the skin clean, and apply in the same manner as before, a mixture of 1 ounce of saloda, ½ ounce of borax and 2 ounces of hard white soap, melted slowly together without being allowed to boil, fold together again and put away in a warm place for 24 hours. After this, dissolve 4 ounces alum, 8 ounces salt and 2 ounces saleratus, in sufficient hot rain water to saturate the skin; when cool enough not to scald the hands, soak the skin in it for 12 hours; then wring it out and hang it up to dry. When dry repeat this soaking and drying for three times, till the skin is sufficiently soft. Lastly, smooth the inside with fine sandpaper and pumice stone.

FRATERNAL ORGANIZATIONS

Please give the number of members in the Independent Order of Foresters, Order of Eagles, Ancient Order of United Workmen, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, Knights of Columbus, Knights Templars, Catholic Order of Foresters, Order of Royal Neighbors, Order of Daughters of Rebekah, and the Order of Pythian Sisters.—E. H., East Cohoctah, Mich.

The number of members in the Ancient Order of United Workmen is 250,000, of the Independent Order of Foresters, 200,716, of the Order of Eagles, 312,847, of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, 294,895, and of the Knights of Columbus, 227,723. The other organizations are smaller and we have no statistics of them.

WILLIAM REED

Will you please give a biography of William Reed?—J. C. K., Athens, Tenn.

William Bradford Reed, the American lawyer, was born June 20, 1806, and died February 18, 1876. He graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, and then went to Mexico as a private secretary. After taking up the practice of law, he became attorney general of Pennsylvania in 1838. Later he was a professor in the college where he received his education, and still later was minister to China. He negotiated an important commercial treaty with that country. In 1860 when he returned to New York he corresponded for several newspapers and magazines.

MRS. PARKINGTON

Please tell what you know about Mrs. Partington.—S. B. G., Omaha, Mo.

Probably no personage, whether real or fictitious, has attained so wide a celebrity as the humorous female who bears the euphonious name of Mrs. Partington. The creation of such a character suffices to entitle its author to lasting fame. The sayings of Mrs. Partington are as widely known as the English language itself. The author is never forgotten by any of his readers or any of the admirers of his creations. But thousands to whom Mrs. Partington is as familiar as the almanac have never heard of the author or perhaps suspected that there was any author in the case. What greater triumph can genius and invention achieve than to so thoroughly pervade the popular thought as to destroy the recollection of itself? Such has been the fate of Mr. Benjamin P. Shillaber, the author of Mrs. Partington. Born at Portsmouth, N. H., in 1814, he was a printer at Dover, in that state, in 1830. From 1835 to 1838 he served as a compositor at the popular Salem Gazette. In 1840 he entered the office of the Boston Post, becoming editorially connected with that journal in 1847. At this time he wrote over the signature of Mrs. Partington, the quaintness of his style and matter giving him a wide reputation as a humorist, both in this country and in England. From 1850 to 1852 he published the Carpet Bag and Pathfinder, but returned to the Post from 1853 to 1856. For the 10 years following 1856 he was one of the editors of the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette. His publications include Rhymes with Reason and Without, Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington, or Kinfling Work, and other volumes.

JAVA

I would like to have a description of Java given in these columns.—D. E. T., Granville, Mich.

Java is recorded as the most fertile and prosperous tropical island on the globe. It is south of Borneo, and the fourth island of the Malavan archipelago in size, having an area of 50,260 square miles. It is a colonial possession of Holland. The surface of the island is mountainous, a range of lofty peaks running from one end of the island to the other, and another range skirting the south coast. All of these mountains are of volcanic formation, and there are on the island 38 volcanoes, the most of them constantly active. Some of the most terrible eruptions on record have occurred on this island, among which may be mentioned the outbreak of the volcano Papandayang in the year 1772, of Galunggong in 1882, and Krakatoa in 1883. Between the peaks of the mountains in the central part of the island are several plateaus which are very fertile, and have a delightful climate, owing to their elevation above the hot districts of the shore. Along the north side of the island is a long, low, and very fertile plain. All of the island is well watered. The seasons are two, the wet and the dry, and temperature of the island is very equable. All tropical fruits, birds and animals abound in the lowlands, and on the high plateaus all grains and fruits of temperate climates can be successfully raised. Java is one of the principle coffee-growing countries in the world; sugar is next in importance; then comes rice, of which two crops are annually raised; indigo, pepper, tea, and tobacco are also exported. The population of Java is estimated at over 17,500,000. About 30,000 Europeans reside on the island; there are also about 190,000 Chinese, and some 20,000 Arabs and other foreign orientals; the rest are natives. The Javanese are almost entirely occupied in agriculture, though they have some knowledge of the mechanic arts, and make bricks and tiles, build houses and boats, and work in metals with some skill. The women of the country also weave a stout cotton cloth, and make a coarse silk cloth from raw silk imported from China. The ancestors of the present race of Javanese must have had considerable knowledge of architecture, judging from the remarkable specimens of ancient temples, most of them in ruins, to be seen throughout the island, but this knowledge has been entirely lost. The Javanese have made some progress in music, of which they are passionately fond, and they have both wind and stringed instruments. In religion the Javanese are Mohammedans, this faith having been established among them by the Arabs in the fifteenth century.

The principal unit in Javanese politics is the village, whose officers are all elected by the people, and are charged with the collection of taxes and the maintenance of public order. The native rulers are allowed by the Dutch to retain their rank and nominal power as regents, but the real power is in the governor appointed by the Netherlands government, who is assisted by a vice president and a council of four, and has his orders directly from the king of Holland.

MISCELLANEOUS

G. E. W., Somerset, Pa.: The U. S. commissioner of education is Elmer E. Brown, of California.

B. A., Clio, W. Va.: The population of Alaska in 1900 was 63,592. The present capital of that territory is Juneau.

J. P. T., St. Cloud, Minn.: There are no statistics by which we could answer your question.

W. E. D., Wilkesville, O.: There is no such state officer in Ohio as you mention.

L. W. U., Oberlin, O.: The Ohio law permits the city councils to make laws requiring licenses of peddlers and agents.

A. H., Wabash, Ind.: The "a" in "Halley" is pronounced short as in "hat." The last syllable is pronounced like "e" in "me."

W. I. J., Blacksville, W. Va.: The wealthiest person in the world is supposedly John D. Rockefeller.

L. C., Natural Bridge, N. Y.: Write to the department of agriculture at Washington, D. C., for a copy of the game and fish laws of the various states.

K. L. C., Wytheville, Va.: Write to the minister of interior at Ottawa, Canada, for the information you want.

RAISE MORE CORN OF BETTER QUALITY

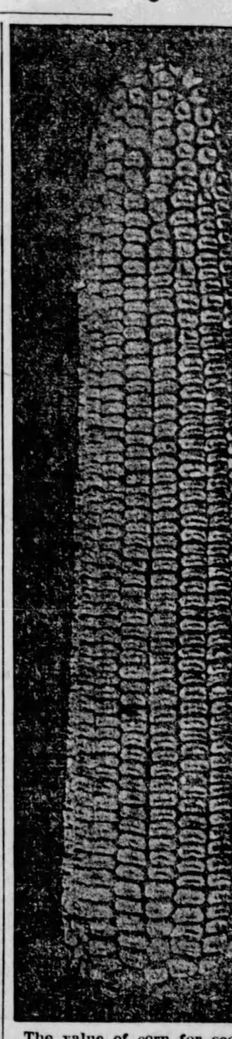
By Theodore T. Ellis
Breeder of Corn and Farmers' Institute Lecturer.

THE time was when it was thought anybody having made a failure in other lines of business could take up the art of farming anad make a success of it. That has about, if not altogether, passed. Farming is distinctly an art, and he who feels he has all the knowledge necessary for his business is camping on dangerous ground.

Genesis 6:26 says: "And God said, Let us make man in our image; after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the fowls of the air and over the cattle and over all the earth and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth."

Are we, as farmers, exercising this dominion of power along the lines of progress as thoroughly as we should? The time is past for brawn without brain, of brain without brawn; both are necessary, but brain ever is in the lead.

Eternal vigilance is the price of success and he who plants seed corn that is of doubtful germination is running the risk of the failure of his most important crop. There are a good many ways of testing the seed, such as plates of sand method, the box and blotter method and the geneva or method of capillary attraction. The writer has used the plates of sand successfully, but prefers the following method: Partly fill with soil a box three of four inches deep and eighteen inches wide by three feet in length. Place on a table or on the floor in your seedroom a row of corn. Take a kernel two inches from the tip, turn the ear one-quarter around and take a kernel near the center, then turn the ear one-quarter around again and take a kernel above the center, then give the ear another one-quarter turn to take one near the butt; thus have all four sides of the ear represented. Beginning in one corner of the box, place these four kernels in a row in the order they are taken from the ear. Now take the next ear in the row and continue as before until the row across the box is filled. Lay another row of ears on the first row and from them fill another row across the box as before, first taking from tip, then middle and lastly from the butt. Continue until the box is filled, then cover lightly and place in a moderately warm place for a few days. When germination takes place you can at once go to the rows of ears and discard such ears as have not germinated. You will not only be able to do this, but you will know which part of each ear failed to germinate. Although the crop of corn was very large last year, yet it might have been 8 per cent larger by the proper testing of the seed before planting.



The value of corn for seed cannot be fully determined by external appearance.

A great change has taken place within recent years in the way farmers look upon seed corn. Not many years ago the poor corn was selected as seed, just as today the smallest potatoes are planted. It is to the credit of agricultural colleges that such a practice is being abandoned, and today not only the best corn by external appearance is being used as seed, but the internal condition of the kernels is also considered. The modern farmer does not think of shelling the nubbins for his seed supply. He has learned that the kernels from nubbins produce nubbins and he plants only the product of his nicest and best yielding strip in the whole field, taking into account the size and shape of ear, number and spacing of rows of kernels, height of ear on stalk, its early maturing qualities and other desirable characteristics entering into the make-up of a profitable ear of seed corn. Select the seed for the next year from this year's crop.

While the importance of good seed is a potent factor in a good corn crop, yet it is not the only one, for upon the proper preparation of the soil depends the "more of it" part of the crop, and even the fertility of the soil itself.

The individuality of the soil particle should never be lost by working the soil when it is wet, thereby pressing together millions of soil particles in one called a lump, thus reducing the amount of plant food locked up in these lumps.

Every soil particle ought to come in contact with the air. This insures perfect ventilation for the escape of plant excreta or the toxic gasses eminating from all agricultural plants detrimentaltotheir own growth. This work cannot be done after the crop is planted. No wise farmer will burn his stalks or stubble, thus reducing the amount of humus, which is so valuable in giving color and hence heat to the soil, and also valuable in absorbing moisture, thus preventing washing, also in its ability to prevent evaporation.

All ground intended for corn should be thoroughly disked to the depth of from two to three inches before plowing allowing the disk to lap half. This will cut up the stalks and stubble and thoroughly incorporate it with the soil, instead if its being in the bottom of the furrow acting as a block to the upward movement of the soil moisture from subsoil to furrow.

I believe the time is fast approaching for intensive cultivation. I also believe a dual-purpose sod and stubble plow is a hindrance to intensive cultivation, as it does not crumble the soil in turning as much as does a short mould-board plow. It is very necessary that the air come in contact with all the soil as deep as we plow, thereby aiding in liberating the plant food contained therein.

Instead of plowing a whole field before harrowing, harrow each half-day's plowing before leaving the field. Conserve the moisture. If the ground is at all rough, let the harrow down nearly flat, place a board across it to stand on and with three horses attached you can firm and level your ground at the same time. It will also mash many of the lumps. A roller ought never to be used unless it is followed with a harrow. While the work of the roller is beneficial in mashing the lumps, it also presses the soil particles closer together, thereby added to the warmth of the soil. But in producing this beneficial effect on the soil it has also produced a condition detrimental to the crop by surface packing, thereby allowing the rapid evaporation of the moisture; hence follow with the harrow. Conserve the moisture.

Fall plowing intended for corn should be thoroughly disked in the spring, as soon as dry enough to work. This conserves the moisture.

While experiments at the Illinois station have shown that corn planted one inch deep produced better corn than if planted three, four or five inches deep, yet I think local conditions should govern the depth somewhat. While corn planted one inch deep on level black soil does best, corn planted on lighter colored rolling land should be planted deeper for two reasons. First, light soil is several degrees colder than black soil, hence it will require more time for germination, and during that extra time will dry out more. Second, on rolling ground the drainage is much faster and the soil more likely to be removed by washing. Two kernels of well-tested seed are sufficient for one hill. One acre planted three feet eight inches each way would contain 3,240 hills, or 6,480 stalks. If each stalk produced an ear weighing one-half a pound the yield would be 46 bushels to the acre, and if each ear can be made to weigh one pound we would have a yield of 92 bushels per acre. Let us grow a less number of acres, but put the same or more labor on the amount we do raise.

If one has a good late-maturing variety and wishes to make it earlier, go through the field as soon as the husks begin to ripen and select these ears, or plant only that part of the ear from the center to the butt, discarding the other half. Always gather plenty of seed, and then during the winter lay several rows across the table one ear deep. Look it over carefully and select your ideal ear—one whose rows run straight and whose measurement is nearly as large two inches from the tip as it is two inches from the butt, whose kernels are uniform in size and shape and color. It should have a fairly well-covered tip, with a well-rounded butt and small, deep cavity. Having secured the nearest to your ideal, see how many you can find by comparing each ear with your ideal. Continue this through all your seed corn. Shell and plant on the south or west side of your corn field. Select your seed from these rows and continue from year to year, and you can wonderfully improve any seed you may now have on hand.

The height of the stalk, the shape and size of the cob and kernel can be changed to your fancy by selection. Even the food elements of the kernel can be changed from low protein to high protein, from high oil to low oil, from high to low in cabohydrates, and vice versa. Why should we, as farmers, buy our concentrates, such as oilmeal, cotton seed meal, gluten meal, dried blood or tankage, when we can grow these valuable feed elements more cheaply by a system of careful selection of seed? Protein is the base of all animal tissue, and is absolutely necessary in building the bone, hair, tendons, ligaments, nerves and lean meat. The carbohydrates are heat and fat producers. The merit of oilmeal consists in the fact that the manufacturers guarantee it to contain not over a certain per cent of fat. We buy concentrates for the protein they contain. Thirty-three and one-third per cent of oilmeal is protein; then in a ton of oilmeal we would have 665 pounds of potein, and if it costs $30 per ton our protein will cost us 4½ cents per pound.

Tankage is guaranteed to contain 60 per cent protein, and in one ton we would have 1,200 pounds of the food elements which we buy the ton to get. Tankage at $38 per ton would make its protein content cost 3 1-6 cents per pound.

Ordinary corn contains about 10 per cent protein. Some ears may be found to contain twice as much protein as others. Some ears contain 13 times as much carbohydrates as protein. By careful selecting of these ears and planting them by themselves we can soon raise the protein content of our corn. If we can increase the protein content of our corn to the extent of one pound per bushel we have increased the feeding value 4 cents per bushel. If you will hold several kernels of corn in front of a strong light you will discover some are much more opaque than others. If the corn has matured properly those of a less cloudy appearance will be found to contain more protein than the others. The safest way is to lay the kernels on a table, germ side up, and with a sharp knife cut off the tips just below the germ. After you have cut and examined several you will notice some have less starch, surrounding the germ at the tips. You will also discover that those having the least starch have the most of the horny port of the kernel and vice versa.

Passing of the Shenandoah

AFTER HAVING done service as a floating coal store at San Francisco, the big sailing ship Shenandoah is to end her days on the Atlantic coast as a towing barge. She sailed from San Francisco on February 16 bound for New York, and her arrival at this port will coincide with her removal from the register as a sailing vessel. A great deal of romance attaches to the career of this famous ship, the last of a quartet of big wooden windjammers built by the Sewalls, of Bath, Me., and consisting of the Rappahannock, Roanoke, Susquehanna and Shenandoah. The latter was the largest of the four and proved to be the fastest, rivaling the records of the famous clippers of the last generation. She cost $175,000 to build in 1890, and her sale for $36,000, to be converted into a coal barge, is considered a good piece of business, considering tthe state of the sail charter market and the difficulty of running a ship of that class nowadays without loss to the owners.

Conversion into a coal barge is the fate that has befallen such of the famous American built windjammers as have escaped wreck or destruction by fire, and the Shenandoah will probably tow behind some ship that she often outsailed in the heyday of her glorious career. Her consorts in the famous quartet named above all met their fate at sea, the Rappahannock and Roanoke being destroyed by fire, while the Susquehanna was wrecked in the Coral sea by a succession of hurricanes. A picture of the Shenandoah, taken when she was off Point Loma, entering the harbor of San Diego, Cal., is used by the United States government on the registers of all ships flying the American flag, and also on all licenses to masters of sailing ships.

No American sailing vessel, except, perhaps her consort, the Roanoke, ever carried as much canvas as did the Shenandoah, which, with her 18 square sails of duck, including three skysails, staysails, headsails, spanker and spanker topsails, two in number, had a spread of canvas of more than 11,000 yards. Although not built primarily for speed, she was in the habit of whipping the foreign craft that attepted to compete against her on long voyages. She also managed to elude with her skyscraping sails a Spanish gunboat that lay in wait for her in the war of 1898. Some of the notable voyages of the Shenandoah were between the Golden Gate and Sandy Hook in 96 days, which performance was within a few hours of the best authentic clipper records; a race from San Francisco to Havre, against five foreign ships, which event she won, making the passage from anchorage to anchorage in 109 days, and a contest against the British ship California, which vessel she gave 10 days start and a beating on a voyage to the United Kingdom. It was a usual thing for the Shenandoah, with her canvas spread to the last inch of even fore and main studding sails and the wind full over her stern, to log upward of 300 knots in a single day.

When in 1891 the Shenandoah raced the five foreign ships she had 5,300 tons of wheat as cargo, the largest shipment ever taken to a French port from San Francisco. Several days during the voyage the Maine ship logged 298 knots, and for 20 consecutive days her average was 278 on this voyage. She left the Golden Gate on August 1 and reached Havre November 19. On this and all other fast runs she was in command of Captain James F. Murphy, who had charge of her on her maiden voyage and is now taking her to her last haven as a sailing ship. Her remarkable speed was accounted for in that she spread three times as much sail as a ship half her size. The magnitude of her spars may be judged when it is stated that her foremast is 89 feet long, her main and

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1910.

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THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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It hurts a grafter's conscience to be found out.

At last the people seem to be taking Mr. Bryan seriously.

The dog is an affectionate animal. He never muzzles his master.

There is but one mother's day in the year. Daughter has all the others.

The 17-year locust is said to be due again. How swiftly the years roll by.

The Chicago man who says eating is a habit is mistaken. Eating is hereditary.

Patience is a virtue that all men are willing to recommend to their creditors.

Finding the length of the comet's tail doesn't seem to be one of the exact sciences.

President Taft threw his doctor in a wrestling bout, but fortunately didn't fall on him.

The kaiser was surely aiming to please his guest when he put on a mimic battle.

China appears to be in earnest in her desire for progress. She wants to borrow money.

In spite of the insurgents Speaker Cannon expects to go right ahead having birthdays.

Ballooning will never be absolutely safe as long as the earth remains hard in spots.

The price of shingles is going up, thus adding to the cost of raising a family of boys.

According to the general consensus of opinion King George has undertaken a man's job.

Dropping four miles in a balloon without striking Texas seems like a remarkable escape.

George, Charles and Edward are common names among monarchial rulers. There is no King Reginald.

Gossip is one of the few things that doesn't lose its taste after being warmed over several times.

Mr. Weston has proved that a walk from California to New York will give a man an appetite for breakfast.

It was a great meeting between two great men, and neither the emperor nor Mr. Roosevelt seemed to be afraid.

Wellesley girls are going to take up farming. The problem of keeping the boys on the farm is nearing a solution.

"A Boston man has succeeded in breeding a blue rabbit." Ten to one he can give no plausible reason for doing it.

No doubt there are persons who can write poetry, but don't do it. And others who can't are willing to risk their necks trying.

Count Boni can't sit in the chamber of deputies. In fact he has been kicked around so much that he can't sit anywhere with comfort.

Why do women want to bother with the ballot? They are now permitted to pay their share of taxes and they enjoy most of the free speech.

There should be no controversy at present over King Edward's last words. Later they can be fixed up to the satisfaction of all concerned.

At a height of 23,000 feet, according to the weather bureau, the temperature is 29 degrees below zero. We're glad spring never gets that high.

The old theory that a fool and his money are soon parted should be revised. If there were no fools in the world there would be less money in circulation.

It must be understood that Mr. Roosevelt accepts his appointment as special ambassador to attend the funeral of King Edward as a duty, not as a pleasure.

It has been figured that a cow can be kept in Boston at a profit of $2.80 a year. While the profit is not large, the pleasant associations ought to be worth something.

One man who thought opportunity was knocking at his door married his stepmother. Now she is dead and he finds by reading her will that he has been disinherited.

The New York women who entered upon a beauty fast to last two weeks quit at the end of three days. Beauty is only skin deep, while hunger is almost fathomless.

It has been said there are only 10 humorists in existence. At this writing we can think of only three—Senator Jeff Davis, Chancellor Day and ex-Vice President Fairbanks.

Herr Bly, the flea trainer, says the American flea lacks artistic temperament. But let no one feel offended—he may be prejudiced. Furthermore the United States has never posed as the land of the flea.

An Indiana man, who assisted Eliza to cross the ice, died the other day at the age of 91. He never traveled with an Uncle Tom's Cabin show, therefore the general public knew very little about him.

THE SUGAR FRAUD CASES.

The department of justice is engaged in the investigation of the sugar frauds. Besides several convictions it has succeeded in presenting so much evidence that the grand jury sitting in New York has brought in nearly 200 indictments, not only against trust employes upon the lower rungs, but against some upon the middle and the high.

Why should certain members of congress so persistently demand a congressional investigation of the sugar cases? Why should Fitzgerald, of Brooklyn, in whose district are the largest sugar refineries in the world, demand a formal inquiry? Why should a committee which has Fitzgerald's resolution in care call upon the President curtly for an explanation of his opposition to the investigation? Why should it be necessary for Mr. Taft to beseech congress to keep its hands off?

In the event of a congressional investigation the commission would have to examine the same books, the same witnesses, go through the same process as the grand jury. But with an important difference in results. Witnesses before the congressional investigators might confess the whole catalogue of crimes and yet go scott free. They are cleansed of further responsibility to the state and society for all past offenses, admitted and detailed. At this juncture in the affairs of the sugar trust there is nothing the officers could desire more than a congressional inquiry—with its reward of an immunity bath.

Mr. Fitzgerald and other members of the house of representatives are fairly familiar with the laws of their country. They might naturally be expected to know the statute governing the prosecution of witnesses before legislative commissions. They would surely know it indirectly through the newspapers, which have recited it and commented upon it ever since the famous ruling in the cases against the beef trust. Yet, apparently ignoring this law and in defiance of the informally expressed wish of the President, Fitzgerald and a small following had sufficient influence with the house to cause a demand for reasons why the executive was opposed to a congressional inquiry.

The average non-official citizen is compelled to look upon the history of this resolution either as a bit of folly or as a thing exciting to suspicion. This isn't much of a choice.

THE LESSON OF WESTON.

Henry Payson Weston has never recommended transcontinental walking trips for purposes of training. He is a hard-headed, sensible old gentleman, and wouldn't be so foolish. He has desired to show, he said, that walking is the best of exercise and so preserves the physical powers and holds the courage that a man past seventy might attempt to cross the country afoot with every hope of succeeding.

It was noticeable after Mr. Weston's walk from Portland to Chicago, about two years ago, that hundreds of persons were shaking the bad habit of using the street cars for every little trip of a few blocks, that city people were getting acquainted with country lanes and the parks were gaining in population. Many of these people, spurred for a time into taking exercise, soon abandoned the game. But others kept on more valiantly until they learned the inner secrets and the fuller joys—and these folk will always be good walkers and show the dividends of sturdy health.

Weston has succeeded this much—he has proved that old age and strength are not strangers, that endurance and perseverance are still among the qualities highly admired and that "being in condition" means more than wealth to any one.

NOT PURELY A PARTY

The respect in which the crown is held in England was evidenced by the decision of the Liberal government to postpone its intentions to hobble the house of lords in order not to embarrass the new king. It was a consideration which is rare in politicians in power and meant no little sacrifice of opportunity, for a score of crises may arise in the year of armistice any one of which might throw the Liberals out of the ministry.

The respite granted the lords must, however, be looked upon as nothing else save a respite. It is not the Liberal party alone which is rebelling against the peers who represent not only the titled families, but also the untitled landed proprietors and the brewers. Behind the Liberals is the growing belief in Britain that a governing class cannot be fair, cannot be unselfish. And behind the people is the law of evolution which has condemned feudalism to extinction and the doctrine of the aristocracy of birth to oblivion.

Should the Liberal government fall within the twelve months in which its program with respect to the lords is shelved the program will still not be lost. The domination of a democracy by a self-perpetuating aristocracy is a policy as doomed as was body-armor when gunpowder was invented.

HIGHER FREIGHTS.

Almost stepping on the heels of the announcement that the New York Central had raised the pay of its trainmen upon an equality with that of the Baltimore & Ohio, came the news that freight rates would be increased upon all the eastern railroads. The New York Central will assume an additional charge of $2,000,000 a year by the granting of more salaries and wages. If it is able to make the shippers pay from ten to twenty per cent more for transportation, as it is proposed to do beginning with the middle of July, the Central will recover that $2,000,000 a year and many millions upon top of it.

Throughout the entire discussion of the question of more pay for railroad employes it has been absurdly evident that the demands of organized labor were being used in an attempt to educate the public and prepare the shippers for higher freights. The men must have more money, said the railroad companies. We are extremely anxious to give it to them. But we cannot afford it with our present costs of operation. The only way we can lift the wage scale and make a fair dividend rate possible at the same time is by charging more for the carriage of merchandise. Thus, indirectly, the shipper and the general public after the shipper, must meet the charge of increased pay for the railroad workers.

Since the close of the era of industrial depression of 1893 the railway companies have been upon a steady and substantial earning basis. They have had income enough to make truly wonderful improvements, to assume vast financial obligations and still distribute good dividends. It is ridiculous to argue that a small rise in the labor cost would lower the dividends, especially when the monthly statements show comfortable surpluses.

The Illinois Manufacturers' association will seek an injunction against the revision of the freight schedules and a review of the matter by the Interstate Commerce commission. The railroads have been preparing the courts and the commission for this labor. It remains to be seen whether the use made of the needs of employes will have its influence upon the powers that be whether an increase in wages justifies its immediate collection from the shipper and the public.

EARTHQUAKES AND THE CANAL

The alarmists and the sea-level advocates have dilated upon the dangers from earthquake to which the locks of the Panama canal lie open. For the purposes of their prophecy they beheld the destruction of entire mercantile navies and the abandonment of a trade route. The canal will be reduced to a brook, said the alarmists. The locks will come down into a heap of ruins, said the sea-level plan adherents, carefully avoiding mention of the fact that their designs also include the installation of locks.

The canal received an almost conclusive test recently of its immunity to earthquakes. The disaster which destroyed a Costa Rican city and brought death to 15,000 souls occurred within three hundred miles of the canal. If Panama is susceptible to seismic disturbances it would surely have felt this mighty shock. If there is any threat of the breaking of the locks from earth waves the threat would have been manifest.

In Cerro Bello, an abandoned city of the isthmus, stands the arch of a ruined church and it has so stood for more than 300 years. Two or three sticks of dynamite, it is said, would bring the arch down. Were Panama in any menace from earthquake, had it been in any such jeopardy, there had been no such example of security and stability as that old church arch affords.

Still, in spite of the test of last week and of history, the opponents of the canal will continue to scream and sneer, to search for cracks and nose for scandal. That is the nature of all opposition based upon prejudice and jealousy.

THE BALLINGER INVESTIGATION

The ox-team drags for endless days over the boundless prairies, the becalmed ship rolls and creaks in windless doldrums, the earth worm crawls through its interminable passages, but oxen, the ship becalmed and the lowly worm are as the Twentieth Century Limited compared with the course of the Ballinger investigation.

There was a definite task before the congressional committee appointed to inquire into Ballinger's conduct of the department of the interior. It was to learn if the secretary had been recreant to his trust, whether the claims of his friends were of more importance in his eyes than the rights of the republic. Has the prosecution brought out any facts of wrongdoing? Who knows? Has the defense proved itself unsullied? Who knows? Wrangles and insults, outbursts of temper and rulings upon points utterly trifling, calls for papers and complaints that papers could not be obtained, discussion as to the admissability of testimony and discussions as to the retention of testimony upon the record, have used up, it may confidently be said, three-fourths of the time of the investigation. It was a matter of national moment that the controversies grouped around Ballinger should be looked into. It has now been made a matter of national nuisance.

If the investigators can swallow the testimony and draw conclusions therefrom they are to be congratulated upon the excellent condition of their several digestions. They will have proved, at least physically, worthy of the faith of those who sent them to Washington.

PALADINO UNMASKED.

Eusapia Paladino came very near to lifting ghost-hunting to a plane of recognized and reputable scientific investigation. It is her fortune to make ghost-hunting a joke and to put a number of recognized and reputable scientists in an extremely ridiculous position.

For nineteen years this Italian spiritualistic medium has produced her manifestations in the presence of men who might be expected to be most careful of the weighing of evidence, most suspicious of the alleged supernatural, the least ready to publish their belief in her. She converted such men as Caesare Lambroso from scepticism to an acceptance of faith in communication with the dead. She deceived a professional exposer of mediums. But, finally, in an evil hour for her, she came to America and gave seances before a committee of university professors. They have just reported that the lifting of tables was done by a trick observed by a man lying upon the floor; that bells were rung in a cabinet behind her by means of her feet, a spy looking down from a trap door; that "materializations" which were performed in semi-darkness were nothing save a handkerchief twisted ingeniously in her fingers, a watcher in a case having his nose within a few inches of the medium's hand.

Psychological inquiry has received a hard blow through the unmasking of Paladino. Some tons of pamphlets and many shelves of books are now less weird than they are humorous. Nevertheless, we suspect that the spiritualists will continue to find comfort at seances—since they believe because they wish to believe—and the scientists with a leaning toward the occult will still seek some foreknowledge of the hereafter. It takes more than exposures to disrupt a stae of mind.

THE OUTBREAK AT TAOS.

A prospector in northern New Mexico wandered from the trail upon a waterless mesa. He was lost so utterly that he had begun to speculate upon where the coyotes might find his lifeless body. Mounting a ridge he came suddenly upon a flock of sheep nestled in the lee of a bluff. The shepherd, a bronzed, ragged caricature of a man, made no movement when the prospector approached him. He answered the question about the trail in the mongrel English of the Mexicans of our southwest. "How do I know you're right?" asked the wanderer. "I am of Taos," said the sheepherder. And the prospector went his way, knowing he had been set upon his road and was to be free of all suspicion of treachery.

A call has been sent out for troops to quell an outbreak among the Pueblo Indians of Taos. If there really is an outbreak it is the first since the Indians rose against the Spaniards in 1680, when the slavery of the mines and the cruelties practiced by the invaders were more than flesh could stand. Taos is, next to Zuni, the most famous of the communistic colonies of the Pueblo Indians, and possibly it is larger. Its inhabitants dwell in a great pile of mud houses, mounting story on story, having their own crafts, tilling their fields in common, subscribing to their own strange religion, bowing to noble traditions and obedient to their own administration of justice. Where the work of the native Mexican is received with allowance, the word of the native full-blood Indian is taken as gospel. During the civil war one Pueblo family kept a forgotten detachment of northern troops in food and clothing for months. Its claim against the government, though it may since have been allowed, was unpaid in the year 1909.

Those who have known the Pueblos intimately will grieve over the recent dispatches. And those who have come in contact in any way with their simple, quiet nature will strongly suspect that if they have gone upon the warpath the provocation has been extreme.

A PRINCE AND HIS BIGOTS

The sovereigns of England are called upon to subscribe to an oath in which they declare their belief that "the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other saint and the sacrifice mass as now used in the church of Rome are superstitious and idolatrous." Prince George has asked that a change be made in the oath, for he, as his father before him, dislikes the idea of offending the Catholics of his realm and the other Catholics among whom he counts friends. But a storm of bitter protest has arisen. Extremists among Protestants have appealed to members of parliament to decline Prince George's request, quoting scripture, history and tradition to their purpose and hinting darkly at political oblivion for those who do not stand by the oath.

The bigot is a strange creature. If the new king fails to take a solemn pledge, outrageous to the religious faith of some millions of his people he is thereupon made the object of hatred and possibly of denunciation from pulpits. If he bows to the oath he states a positive opinion upon affairs of which, actually, he has no such opinion whatsoever. Yet the bigot is prepared to condemn the king who thinks of others' feelings and to express admiration for a king who publicly subscribes to a lie.

CONCERNING CRIMES.

Three men robbed a storekeeper in Illinois of $55 and a gold watch and snatched a purse from his cashier. They were captured, tried and sentenced to the state penitentiary for life.

The grand jury in Chicago is now investigating the confession of a member of the state legislature that he accepted a bribe to vote for William Lorimer, candidate for the United States senate. Two confessions in corroboration have been obtained. There are prospects for more sensational disclosures, for the opening up of a whole mole's track of corrupt politics and, at their conclusion, for the slamming of prison doors upon traffickers of legislative dishonor. Illinois has known other scandals of the sort, but this one came at a time when the state was most impatient with official crookedness and least ready to condone it.

If three common thieves are sent to prison for a crude hold-up, what will be the sentences of convicted bribe-givers and bribe-takers? Will the relative criminality be considered? Unfortunately, it will not be. But if Illinois is in the same temper at the next meeting of the law-makers as it is today, a just ratio will be established.

A RANK FABRICATION.

From time to time The Blade, and we suppose every other newspaper, receives a clipping carrying the head, "A Letter Written by Jesus Christ." It is declared to be a copy of a document written by Christ after the crucifixion and deposited by Him at the foot of the cross. There is a tone not of the Savior, but of intolerant medievalism about it, as attest:

I will send hardness of the heart on them and especially on hardened and unrepentant unbelievers. * * * He that hath a copy of this letter, written by my own hand and spoken from my own mouth, and keepeth it, without publishing it to others, shall not prosper, but he that publisheth it to others shall be blessed by me and if their sins shall be as many as the stars at night and they truly believe that they shall be pardoned, and they that believe not this writting and my commandments will have my plagues upon you, and you will be consumed, with your children, goods, cattle and other worldly enjoyments that I have given you.

The fabulist who fabricated this letter and those souls who accept it as gospel seem to have forgotten the words of him who spoke for Christ: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

IDLERS AND WORKERS

Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin is a millionaire whose delight it has been to stick pins in millionaires. He doesn't think much of the class with which it has pleased fortune to place him and he particularly loathes those who are described as the "idle rich." Yet, as no healthy human being can be cynical all the time. Mr. Martin has recently discovered a happier sky in his outlook. Things are changing. The "idle rich" are a passing quantity. In time, Mr. Martin thinks, all the idle rich will be indistinguishable from the working rich.

The doctrine of work has been a rather vague set of tenets for a long time. While much was said about work, little has been said about its kind and quality. We can imagine the idler spurred into taking up a task. Will he have given thought to the character and the manner of that task? Will he not, nine chances in ten, merely assume such responsibilities as are borne by those of his class who work perforce or by preference? Millionaires in our country are, scores of them, doing things, working at things, harmful to the state and in ruthless disregard to the welfare of their fellowmen. If the idler does what perhaps several of his friends are doing, he but multiplies the harm done. If he picks out a beaten path he is as likely as not to hit upon that which is crooked.

Better be the idle rich than the evil rich.

BIG GAME AMONG GRAFTERS.

Three members of the Illinois legislature have confessed that they received bribes of $1,000 each to vote for William Lorimer for United States senator. They acknowledge, also, that they had shared in the "jack pot" which was made up of the sums paid as rewards by grateful corporations for "services rendered."

Indictments have been brought against the man who, according to the confessions, distributed the bribes. But, of course, the state of Illinois cannot afford, in this day and generation of thorough investigation, to stop there. It must proceed to uncover the trail if there is one, between the agent and the successful senatorial candidate. It must learn the names of the corporations whose contributions went into the "jack pot" and just what was the nature of "services rendered." In scores of prosecutions for grafting, the action has gone no farther in punishment than the receiver and the messenger. The principals, the men behind the messenger, have been left to go free so often that the whole business of some of these trials has come to look like arrangements of collusions between the bribe-givers and the prosecutors. The tempted were punished, the tempters ignored. A change has set in, however. In San Francisco and in Pittsburg the gunning has been for the financiers of bribery.

The most dangerous of crooks are those who make crooks. The grand juries in Illinois have now a chance to bag the big game of their state.

THE DEEPER ROOSEVELT.

Theodore Roosevelt stands almost alone among American public men as one who has builded an active philosophy upon his experience. He has read deeply of his fellows as he has read deeply of books. He has played boldly in the game of politics and found both its reason and its apology. He has preached loudly and often shallowly and has never failed to find hearers and followers. All these experiences and successes have meant to him not merely fame and promotion, but what he is pleased to consider the meaning of life. In his address before the University of Berlin, Mr. Roosevelt drew upon the deductions which constitute his working philosophy. "What is the lesson to us today? he asked.

Are we to go the way of the older civilizations? * * * Personally, I do not believe that our civilization will fail. I think that on the whole we have grown better and not worse. I think that on the whole the future holds more for us than ever the great past has held. But, assuredly, the dreams of golden glory in the future will not come true unless, high of heart and strong of hand, by our own mighty deeds we make them come true.

It would not be Roosevelt if his philosophy were mournful. It would not be the voice of the most popular American since Lincoln if it were not healthily hopeful and unwaveringly cheerful.

MORGAN'S AIM.

John Pierpont Morgan was seventy years old when the panic caused him to return to active business. At that time he held the control of the New York Life Insurance company with its millions of assets, of the United States Steel Corporation, having a capital in excess of a billion dollars, of the anthracite coal trade, of 50,000 miles of railroad and, in addition his word was law in the directors' room of a dozen steamship companies. Since the panic Morgan has gained ownership of the Equitable Life Assurance society, of the largest and most powerful trust companies in America, and of another railroad or two and he has resumed his old trade of reorganizer and merger-maker.

What is Morgan after? What is the goal of his new ambition? He is gathering into his banking house the threads which move millions, indeed, possibly three billions of dollars. He rules over scores of companies and indicates to scores of others just what they may and what they may not do. He can make the big fellow bend the hinges of the knee and cause the little fellow to groan and despair—and he has done both. But these millions, these billions, are like an enormous inverted pyramid, or a cone at the smaller end of which is Morgan as master of balancing. He must transfer the cone to some one else shortly. He is wise enough, however to know that personality cannot be transferred and it is the way of property to dissipate, to fall apart, when the genius is gone. He has surely some aim in view for this labor of his fading days besides mere accumulation, the very weight of which is its greatest danger. He would like least of all things to have his property go the way that Stewart's did, his power the way that Harriman's is going. Has he some wonderful design that will assure the stability of the house of Morgan, its lasting power, the firmness of its grasp? And if not that, what design? Here is a puzzle for the imaginative.

Custer, S. D., boasts what is probably the strongest water tank in the country. It is on a ranch near the town, and is nothing but a large bank safe, set on its back. It formerly did duty in the line it was made for, but burglars blew the door off. A ranchman bought it and it now serves as a trough for cattle.

While in India Lord Kitchener visited an out-of-the-way district where a new fort had been erected. He was astonished to find that it was commanded by a hill close by. "I congratulate you, colonel," said Kitchener to the officer who had selected the site. "What a capital fort! Er—when do you begin to remove the hill?"

SUNDAY SCHOOL

A HERO, A COWARD, A WOMAN

International Sunday School Lesson for May 22 Is, "The Death of John the Baptist." Matt. 14:1-12.

By William T. Ellis.

One man's backbone and another man's lack of backbone—the two linked by a woman's vengeance—caused the tragedy which the world's Sunday schools study this week. A king who was not a hero, a wilderness ascetic who was a kingly hero, though in a dungeon, and an adulterous mother who scrupled not to debauch her own daughter; these were the persons of the drama.

The story is, save for the character of John the Baptist, as putrid as a modern society novel. King Herod, degenerate member of a corrupt family, deserting his own wife, had carried off in guilty love his brother's wife, who was his own neice. This Herodias bore with her to Herod's incestuous palace her beautiful daughter, Salome. Ambition, intrigue, lust and cruelty made their home in these marble halls of Machærus; while underneath, in a rock dungeon, lay, uncowed and regal, the grim and uncompromising prophet from the desert, John the Baptist, imprisoned because he had dared to rebuke the shameless sin of the profligate Herod.

A Murderer's Conscience.

We come to this incident by way of the wonders wrought by Jesus in Galilee. Herod heard of the works of Jesus, and at once his guilty conscience suggested that this man of miracles could be none other than John risen risen from the dead. The little glimpse into the mind of this powerful ruler, as he sat on his throne, panoplied in state and authority, is revealing. It sets us to thinking about the ghosts which haunt men. The world may not suspect these, but the remembered sins of youth, the crimes cloaked vainly by the excuse "they all do," the evil deeds contemplated but not wrought into reality—these are spectres that visit men and women, to remind them of a sure judgment to come.

To be a coward is a disadvantage, of course; and Herod was this. He was afraid of Jesus, afraid of Herodias, afraid of himself. Many were the sleepless nights when he would have exchanged places with the meanest of his innocent prisoners. If a teacher could only paint the horrors of remorse in true colors, young people would be warned to keep their records clear, as the dying Gough counselled. Of all the fates to be dreaded, this one of being chained for life, or mayhap for eternity, to an evil conscience, is the worst.

A Prophet Facing a King.

The king was contemptible; his prisoner was enviable. What a royal, manly figure is that of the fearless Nazarene, as he strode, clear-eyed and unaffrighted, across the marble floors of the palace of Herod! Strangely out of place was this hairy ascetic in his uncouth garb of camel's hair, amid the sumptuousness of the royal abode; but he nevertheless dominated the scene. God send such to our time. For the day's need is for prophets—forthtellers, in clearest tone, of the divine will. It is hard to find suitable preachers for the rich churches in the big cities; committees scour two continents in vain. But it is harder to find prophets, men of the spirit, who with deep, God-touched vision see the requirements of our day, and with unwavering triumphet tones call the world back to its duty.

There are such, beyond a doubt. The line of John the Baptists, Savanarolas, Luthers, Knoxes, has not wholly failed. Else were our case hopeless. In spite of this, the present generation is menaced by lack of "free utterance" from the pulpit. What Dr. Eliot called the peril of "the secret influence" threatens society. We are becoming part of a corporation conscience. How can we speak out against this rich political or business offender when he is such a good fellow personally, or when his wife's family belongs to our church, or when we are both members of the same fraternal order or political organization? Such are some of the chains with which the tyrant evil binds our modern prophets.

Notwithstanding this, the John the Baptist way, in all its sublime heedlessness and disregard of the practical considerations involved, is the way for the man of God. Otherwise we shall never have a free pulpit, a free press, and a free teacher's chair. Courage to stand for truth is the supreme capacity and achivement of the mortal. John the Baptist fulfills Lowell's description:—

"Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes—
they were souls that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled
the contumelious stone,
Stood serene, and down the future saw
the golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered
by their faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood
and to God's supreme design."

A Woman's Hate.

For a friend, give me a woman; for an enemy a man. Woe unto him who has a woman, or women fighting against him. The hatred of a woman is blind, unreasoning, cunning, cruel and patient. Herod, who had been hit hard by John, yet admired while he feared him. But Herodias rested not night or day until she should encompass the death of the man who had exposed her shame and sin. John had held up to the public gaze, in words of blighting condemnation, this woman's perfidy. Her subtlety discerned that so long as he lived her hold upon Herod was in danger. Therefore she conceived the diabolical plot for his death, which revealed in the worst light woman's knowledge of man's nature, and her cunning use of all the tools in order to accomplish a coveted vengeance.

That there are such women as Herodias and Salome in the world is a fact which humanity's instinctive chivalry and self-respect are reluctant to confess. Therefore thousands of youths go into the way which leads to death; all because of a misguided prudery has caused parents and teachers to permit them to cherish the delusion that all women are as good as their own mothers. No boy or girl is prepared to live in a real world who does not understand, even while he or she abhors, the wickedness that exists therein. Ignorance is not purity. The unspeakable "white slave" traffic, which is now shown to have dragged its hideous trail over the entire extent of the continent, has been made possible, in good degree, because children have ben kpt in ignorance of the evil that is sometimes incarnated in human beings. When we see life in proportion, we recognize the existence of Herodias, as well as of John the Baptist; of Herod and his followers, as well as of Jesus and his cleanlived disciples.

The Dance of a Prince.

Cunningly devising the feast for King Herod and his captains, Herodias caught him at the right moment, when the liquors had done their work in his befuddled brain. With daring abandon she brought forth her own daughter, Salome, in the role of a dancing girl. Heedless of the degradation of this daughter of kings, she herself had trained her in the sensuality of the loathsome Oriental dance. Her appeal was frankly to the lowest passions in the king's nature. The dance she gave was of the sort which may be seen in Egypt, Turkey, India, and in the South Sea Islands.

It may also be seen in the theatres of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and other large cities. Sardonically, the present-day historian must record that the taste of society is getting down to the level of the base and corrupt people whose unleashed passions have put them beyond the pale of civilization. In a degenerate's interpretation, that is more degraded than the actuality, this Scriptural incident has been widely given throughout the United States as the opera "Salome." Other operas and dances equally vile are common on the stage. Fiction seems to keep pace with the stage in increasing prurience. Newspaper reports of vicious deeds grow less veiled and more suggestive each year. It is even said that conversation in some so-called "good" society grows alarmingly loose and risque. What does this all mean? The symptoms are alarming. Does the remedy not lie in the message of a new company of John the Baptists, who, first making sure of their fgacts, will pour forth the condemnation of the most pure Jehovah upon such things?

When Two Heads Were Lost.

Paradoxically, this story of the hero, the coward and the woman, ends in the Baptist's losing his head but keeping his crown; and in Herod's losing his crown, wills are out when wine is in, and who care so much for "what they say" that they are the easy tools and partners of whoever in wickedness cares to employ them. The daily paper is constantly adding names to this roll of dishonor. They have failed to play a man's part. John, in apparent defeat, was the real victor, the sovereign soul. Says Edmund Vance Cook:—

"And though you be done to death,
what then?
If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world
of men,
Why, the Critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl, or comes
with a pounce,
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that
counts,
But only how did you die?"

The Edge of Things

Youth's Companion.

George Washington was very small, very black, and very new to the life of the public school which he had just entered. His family had emigrated to the city from some unknown wilderness, and the officials of the school board had discovered little George, and brought him into line with the prospects of the higher education. It was his first day, and the teacher was trying to make him at home.

"And so your name is George Washington?" said the teacher.

"Yessum, Jorge Washin'ton."

"And I suppose you try to be as like him as a little boy can, don't you?"

"Lak who, mam?"

"Like George Washington."

The youngster looked puzzled.

"Ah kain't help bein' lak Jorge Washin'ton," he replied, stoutly," 'cos that's who Ah am."

Success Magazine.

A young college man, city bred and raised, answered the call for harvest hands in Kansas. Reaching a farmhouse late at night, he was promised work and assigned to a room. It seemed to him that he had hardly fallen asleep when he was asked to get up. Disgustedly the young man dressed himself in the darkness, and, picking up his grip, walked downstairs.

"Say, there, young feller," said the farmer, trying to be helpful, "you don't need to take your valise out to the field with you."

"I know it," replied the young man tartly. "I'm going to look for a place to stay all night."

Washington Post.

There was a loud splash and a moment later a dripping head appeared above the waves. On the end of the dock was a stevedore nonchalently lighting his pipe.

"Help, man!" cried the chap in the water. "Can't you see I am overboard? I can't swim."

"How often you been down?" asked the stevedore, shielding the flickering match from the wind.

"Once, I believe, but hurry up, man! Give me a hand!"

"You wait! You have two times yet to go down and I have only one match. I'll catch you on the last trip."

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Secretary Cooburn and Dave Leahy were visiting the other day, and Leahy mentioned the 10-story skyscraper which some farmer was erecting in Wichita.

"Do you know, Dave," said Coburn, without batting an eye, "that until I became secretary of the state board of agriculture you never heard of a farmer having enough money to build a skyscraper?"

"Well," said Dave, "when I was a youngster, over in Illinois, I worked on a section, and then got a promotion, handling baggage at a station. I was the chauffeur of a truck. I felt pretty big about it. Though I thought I was getting a good pay check, I wanted more. But the boss didn't raise me any. He always kept telling me how poor the road was. So I just quit. And do you know that the next year that road built 700 miles of track?"

London M. A. P.

In his early days Sir Walter Gilbey used to devote some portion of every year to mountain climbing. While in Switzerland once he had a somewhat weird experience. He was about to make an ascent when he thought that he might as well make some inquiries about the guide who was to accompany him.

"Is he a thoroughly skillful climber?" he asked his hotelkeeper.

"I should say so," was the reply. "He has lost two parties of tourists down the mountainside, and each time has come off without so much as a scratch on himself."

Senator Frye is an enthusiastic fisherman. He was once the guest of a family who arranged for him and other visitors in Eastport, Me., a picnic at a lake a few miles distant. The head of the family noticing that his brother, who had charge of the vehicles, had placed a supply of fishing paraphernalia in one of the wagons, asked why he had done so.

"They're for Frye," was the reply.

"But, man alive! There are no fish in that lake," the elder exclaimed.

"Well, Frye doesn't know it."

Frye didn't. On arriving at the lake he took the fishing tackle and trudged off, to return some hours later very warm and very much bitten by mosquitoes.

"Get any bites, Frye?". he was asked.

"Get any bites!" was the half-indignant reply. "Look at my face!"

National Monthly.

Ben T. Rice and Hymen Levy, both now dead, were two of the real old Virginia characters in a small Piedmont county seat town; Ben was the keeper of the town inn and Hymen, a genuine Jew, ran a store. Ben was noted for profanity, drinking and gambling and telling unheard-of yarns. Hymen was a daily visitor at the inn to get his dram, and at times became thoroughly shocked at Ben's outrageous language and manners.

Ben, one evening, joined the town boys in an exciting game of football on Main street, became overheated, and, cooling off too quickly, went into pneumonia at night. Several physicians attended him, who soon pronounced his case hopeless. A dozen or more of Ben's friends, among them Hymen, were standing around the bed just before Ben's spirit took its flight from earth, when Ben uttered a long groan and said, "O L-o-r-d, have mercy on me."

At this moment Hymen turned his head slowly and remarked, "The good Lord ought to take Ben right now, for he never will be so good no more."

Success Magazine.

I was sitting at my desk when black Sam, who sometimes waits on me at my restaurant, entered my office.

"What can I do for you, Sam?" I asked.

"Ah get a chance to change mah situation, Misseh Clahk," he said, "Yo' kin seh a good wu'd fo' me, cain't yo'? Tell 'em Ah'm hones', 'n sich?"

"Of course," I hesitated, "you're a good waiter, Sam, but I don't know anything specially about your honesty."

"Well, tell 'em dat, an' say yo' thinks Ah'm hones'. Dat'll be enough."

So I promised I would.

"Thank yo', thank yo', Misseh Clahk," he said with a deep bow. "When yo' come over tomorrow, sit at mah table 'n Ah'll give yo' a she't check."

Varieties

Carnegie says he has made 42 men millionaires.

One hundred pounds of almonds yield 48 pounds of oil.

Sugar alone will sustain life for a considerable time.

Sleeping sickness has been known in West Africa for 100 years.

Of ten dyes used for Easter eggs, four were found to be poisonous.

The salary of lieutenant general of the United States army is $11,000.

Wood fibers are strongest near the center of the limb or tree trunk.

The pawnbrokers of Great Britain issue over 190,000,000 pledges a year.

An electric machine has been made to wash and purify the air in any room.

A 10-year-old clove tree will produce about 20 pounds of cloves a year.

In Norway the average length of life is greater than in any other country.

Russia is establishing numerous wireless stations over its great territory.

The number of horses in the United States January 1, 1910, was nearly 14,000,000.

Neptune takes more than 160 years to make the complete revolution round the sun.

The popular belief that a drowning person rises to the surface three times is unfounded.

The latest types of submarine vessels make a speed of from eight to ten miles an hour.

An Alabama man, 97 years of age, says he has eaten hot biscuits regularly all his life.

The Navy League of Germany has a membership of 1,031,339 and its funds amount to $8,395,050.

Almost 12,000,000 pounds of rubber are produced within the bounds of the British empire annually.

A dry dock large enough for the largest vessels afloat is planned for St. John, New Brunswick.

The state coal mines of Hungary will be supplied with 2,000 electric horsepower for light and power.

Japan has now more than 200 telephone exchanges, more than twice the number it had two years ago.

Yale students are teaching more than 100 New Haven boys in classes under the direction of the Y. M. C. A.

Life insurance returns show that more suicides take place on Tuesday and Thursday than on other days.

Korea has 116 active gold mines, 109 graphite, 34 coal, 29 copper, 7 silver, 8 zinc, 2 mercury and 59 various.

Tea, coffee and cocoa imports into the United States in 1909 amounted to $177,000,000, against $73,000,000 in 1899.

The population of Japan is increasing at the rate of 500,000 a year. It is now nearly 50,000,000, exclusive of Korea.

In Nantes, France, a city of 180,000 population, there is not a single modern steam laundry. The washing is done on boats.

In Germany a merchant was recently heavily fined for using a quotation from the Bible at the head of an advertisement.

The handle of a new electric torch is magnetized so that it will adhere to metal surfaces, leaving its user's hands free for work.

A $20 gold piece, if beaten into gold leaf, would make 2,500 leaves, each 3¼ x 3⅜ inches, having an area of 166 6-10 square yards.

The most valuable pipe in the world is the state pipe of the shah of Persia. It is set with precious stones, and is worth $400,000.

In Germany marriages by any foreign consular officer are strictly prohibited—except where there are special treaty stipulations.

A married woman in Switzerland is entitled to one-third of her husband's income as her independent property, according to a new law.

Copenhagen is plagued with rats and it has been made a criminal offense to breed rodents for the purpose of securing the bounty offered for rat tails.

More than 400,000 persons emigrated from this country during the year 1907. This is a much smaller number than shown by the previous year.

A Chinese has invented a simple machine with which a person can make straw hats at the quality twelve times as rapidly as by hand.

There were 28,947 persons in the federal employ in Washington on July 1 last; the annual pay roll for them is $31,541,225, an average of nearly $1,100 each.

The Union Pacific Railroad Co. is conducting extensive experiments with the hope of making wireless telegraphy available for the operation of trains.

A flax pulled from the ground yields a longer fiber than that reaped in the usual way, a Canadian clergyman has invented a pulling attachment for binders.

Since its establishment in 1871 to June 30 last year, the life saving service of the United States has been the means of saving property valued at $224,934,732.

A bath tub on wheels that may be moved to the bedside of a hospital patient too ill to go to the regular bathroom, is a new convenience.

Formaldehyde is used in meat exported to England, and the government is making investigations as to its effect on the health of consumers.

The supervisor of penman

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2938—Ladies' Six-Gored Skirt, with raised waistline. Cheviot, ladies' cloth or homespun would develop to advantage. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

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2794—Ladies' Night Gown, with high or low neck and long or short sleeves. Flannelette, muslin or lawn may be adapted to this model. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2571—Ladies' One-Piece Work Apron, with or without ruffle. Gingham, lawn or percale are best adapted to this model. 3 sizes—small, medium and large.

2902—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress, closing with buttons down the front. This will make up well in linen, crash or any summer material. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

3275—Misses' Dress, having an attached one-piece plaited skirt. An attractive model is here presented which is suitable for summer silk, nun's veilings, light weight wool goods, crash or pongee. 4 sizes—12 to 18 years.

2459—Ladies' Tucked Shirt-Waist, with or without back yoke-facing. Linen, madras or lawn will develop to advantage in this model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

3296—Ladies' Tailored Shirt-Waist, with or without back-yoke facing. An attractive model if made of madras, percale, lawn or linen. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

3294—Girls' Dress. A neat little model is here shown which will develop most attractively in flowered lawn or any sheer material. 5 sizes—4 to 12 years.

2891—Girls' and Child's Dress, with Princess panel and with or without removable chemisette. Serge, challis, chambray or linen are excellent materials for this model. 5 sizes—2 to 10 years.

3287—Ladies' Tunic Skirt, with gathered or plaited flounce. This is a stylish model and will look well developed in plain or bordered material. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

1638—Ladies' Seven-Gored Plaited Skirt. Serge, mohair or voile will develop to advantage in this style. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2548—Men's and Boys' Overalls, with apron front. This model is adaptable to any desired wash material. 7 sizes—27, 29, 30, 34, 36, 40 and 44-inches waist.

2799—Girls' and Childs' Rompers, with circular bloomers. This neat model will develop well in percale, gingham or chambray. 4 sizes—2 to 8 years.

2693—Ladies' House Dress, consisting of a waist having round yoke and an attached seven-gored skirt. A simple but attractive model which will develop well in wool batiste, chambray or gingham. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

3304—Misses' Semi-Princess Dress. A dainty model for the young miss which will develop effectively in lawn, organdie or sheer batiste. 3 sizes—14 to 18 years.

DR. HYDE IS GUILTY

Wife, After Collapse, Insists That New Trial Will Be Sought.

Kansas City, Mo., May 16.—Dr. Bennett C. Hyde has been found guilty of the murder of Col. Thomas Swope. As the jury recommended mercy, his punishment will be life imprisonment.

Hyde was charged with murdering Col. Swope and his wife's cousin, Moss Hunton, and Chrisman Swope by poisoning with cyanide of potassium or with typhoid fever germs. He was charged also with putting typhoid germs in the food of other members of the family to do away with them in order to increase his wife's share of the Swope estate.

Report Came Suddenly

Judge Latshaw, half an hour before the jury came in, decided to change his plan of discharging the jury tomorrow morning if it did not agree. He planned to hold them for several days longer.

When the announcement came that the verdict was ready the court room rapidly filled. "There must be absolute quiet," said the court. "The marshal is ordered to arrest any one making a demonstration."

From a little side room there appeared Dr. Hyde, his wife and his sister. They sat down at the defense's table. The overcoat the physician had worn for two days, as if he was ready to go home, was conspicuously absent.

The group at Dr. Hyde's table was hopeful but inclined to nervousness. Reports unauthorized, but persistent, were that for many hours the vote had been 11 to 1 for conviction. The arrival at an agreement made it appear certain that the physician had been found guilty. In the face of discouraging prospects, Mrs. Hyde tried to be brave. "I think it will be all right" she said to her husband and smiled. He did not answer.

When the verdict was read Mrs. Hyde collapsed in her chair but made no sound. Not until an hour after the verdict was reached was she able to go to her home. Before leaving she said.

"I am now over the first shock and am strong. I shall take immediate steps to make a motion for a new trial. Failing in this, I shall arrange for an appeal. The case will be reversed in the supreme court, I am confident because Clark is innocent. It cannot be otherwise."

Frank P. Walsh, the leading counsel for the defense said: "The case will be appealed and we have every confidence in its final outcome. I have nothing else to say."

Attorney John A. Lucas, associate counsel of Mr. Welsh, said: "The supreme court will remand the case for a new trial. There has been sufficient error in it to convince me of this."

May Delay a Year.

It is the belief of court attaches that the supreme court will be unable to reach Dr. Hyde's case for at least a year, on account of the crowded condition of the docket. In the mean time the prisoner may be kept in the county jail or sent to the state prison at Jefferson City by Judge Latshaw. The law of Missouri prohibits the courts from admitting a convicted murderer to bail.

The death of Col. Swope followed soon after he had suffered a severe convulsion and this convulsion, it was charged by other members of the Swope family, followed immediately after the administration of a capsule given by direction of Dr. Hyde. Dr. Hyde said it was a digestive tablet.

It was proven at the trial that Dr. Hyde had purchased cyanide of potassium in five grain capsules and he was prosecuted in the belief that he gave one of these capsules to Col. Swope. Dr. Hyde claims he bought the cyanide capsules to kill roaches in his office.

Two days before the death of Col. Swope, Moss Hunton, a cousin of the millionaire philanthropist, died at the Swope home following a stroke of apoplexy. Dr. Hyde and Dr. G. T. Twyman of Independence treated Hunton. The patient was bled profusely, it is charged at the suggestion of Dr. Hyde. After six pints of blood was taken from Hunton, the bleeding process was stopped but not until Dr. Twyman had repeatedly protested that too much blood was being taken from the old man.

Beginning early in December, an epidemic of typhoid fever broke out in the Swope household during which ten members of the family were stricken. Chrisman Swope, a brother of Dr. Hyde's wife, died, after taking a capsule given at Dr. Hyde's direction and after suffering a convulsion similar to the one that attacked Col. Swope.

AS COMMON CRIMINALS

Pittsburg Grafters' First Sunday in Jail.

Pittsburg, May 16.—Instead of rising from comfortable beds to spend a pleasant Sunday with family and friends, three former councilmen and one banker left hard bunks Sunday morning to face the routine of prisoners at the county jail. Instead of appetizing eggs on toast and prettily decorated china, with a maid to respond to every call, the breakfast consisted of two pieces of dry bread and a tin cup of black coffee, served by a uniformed jail attendant.

Former Councilmen Charles Stewart, W. H. Weber and P. B. Kearns and former Cashier A. A. Avilsack, of the German National bank, all sentenced Saturday following the recent graft trials, were the four who awoke to look upon the steel bars of a prison cell instead of the cheerful furnishings of luxurious homes. Instead of leisurely preparations for church services, the four men, unaccustomed to even light manual labor, swept out their bare cells and made their beds.

All participated in the religious services conducted in the jail rotunda at 2 o'clock in the afternoon by Rev. W. J. Wishart, pastor of the Eighth United Presbyterian church, North Side. Carrying the chairs from their cells, they sat in a group with the other 400 prisoners.

AT SON'S GOLDEN WEDDING

Man of 94 Years Insists on Being Star Guest.

Anita, La., May 14.—The star guest at the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the marriage of O. W. Van Slyke and wife was Mr. Van Slyke's father, C. C. Van Slyke, who walked from the home of his daughter, Mrs. Koop, a distance of five blocks, to his son's home to be present at the festivities. They had a conveyance to take him back home, but he insisted on walking. He had celebrated the 94th anniversary of his birthday only a few days before, and was in fairly good health for a man of his age.

O. W. Van Slyke had not been well for a while and no elaborate celebration had been planned, but that morning he was some better, and the telephone was called into use, and as many of the immediate relatives as possible were invited in.

CHINA ABOLISHES SLAVERY

Imperial Rescript Means Freedom for Millions.

Washington, May 11.—The Chinese government, by imperial rescript, has abolished slavery throughout the empire and has prohibited henceforth the purchase and sale of human beings under any pretext. The reform, however, is not altogether complete, as by the rescript certain forms of slavery will be tolerated.

In a report made to the state department it is said that the retainers of Manchu princes are not emancipated, but it is forbidden to call them slaves. The household slaves of the Manchus are also refused emancipation, but their status under the law is improved.

Under this rescript the immemorial practice of selling children in China in times of famine is abolished. Concubinage is still to be permitted, but there is to be no bargain and sale. Such concubines are to be married with legal formalities, and they will enjoy the protection of the law, but in reality they will be no better than perpetual slaves to the principal wife.

The rescript is said to be a compromise measure, but it will eventually give freedom to millions of human beings, and is declared to mark a distinct advance in civilization.

BANKER IS A SMUGGLER

Frank W. Rollins, Ex-Governor of New Hampshire, Is Arrested.

New York, May 14.—Frank W. Rollins, former governor of New Hampshire, and now a banker with Boston offices, his wife Catherine, and his son Douglas, are charged in the sworn complaint of a customs inspector, "with conspiring to smuggle into the United States wearing apparel and jewelry and souvenirs without paying or accounting for the duties legally due thereon."

Mr. Rollins and his son were arraigned before a federal commissioner and released in $2,000 bail. Neither of them would talk for publication. Mrs. Rollins was so prostrated by her unhappy adventure that she took to her bed in a hotel immediately on landing from the Lusitania, and her presence was not required yesterday before the commissioner. She will answer to the charge against her as soon as she is recovered.

Bring Home Nine Trunks.

The Rollinses were first class passengers on the Lusitania, which arrived from Liverpool. They brought nine trunks, on which Mr. Rollins declared only a woman's fur jacket, valued at $800. The examination of their baggage had been only partly completed when Inspector Cassidy stepped to the desk of Deputy Collector Rasciwicz and whispered in his ear. The deputy collector thereupon summoned Mr. Rollins and informed him as follows:

"It is my duty at this point to advise you that any goods you fail to declare may be seized and that arrest can follow any action reasonably to be construed as attempted smuggling. Any statement you may care to make now, supplemental to your declaration, I am willing to accept. It might be well for you to talk with your family and find out if there is anything they have failed to declare. I am telling you this because I do not want to do you an injustice."

Whole Family Searched.

Mr. Rollins bowed courteously and consulted with his wife and son. When he returned he said, according to the customs officers, that his wife had omitted inadvertently to declare a cheap necklace, a bracelet, three gowns, two suits and minor sundries. With those additions the declaration, he said, was complete. Nevertheless, the deputy collector ordered an assistant to continue inspection of the trunks, and what was discovered was considered cause to order the baggage to the appraiser's store rooms and to request that Mr. Rollins, his wife and their son submit to personal search in their staterooms.

Customs officers afterwards swore that on the person of the former governor were found several articles of jewelry, on Mrs. Rollins a pearl mounted watch and stud, and on Douglas Rollins more jewelry. It is charged that none of this jewelry had been declared, but the estimated value was not given.

Mr. Rollins and his son were then arrested and taken before Commissioner Shields. Bail was furnished by a surety company, and a further hearing was set for next Friday.

Frank West Rollins was governor of New Hampshire from 1899 to 1901, and is the author of "The Ring in the Cliff," "What Can a Young Man Do?" and other books. His home is at Concord, N. H.

Foxhall Keene Also Nipped.

Foxhall Keene, the millionaire polo player and sportsman, who was also a passenger today on the Lusitania, was notified by customs inspectors that he had failed to declare wearing apparel brought from England said to be worth $300. Mr. Keene said the omission was an oversight and that he would be glad to pay the 60 per cent duty. His explanation was accepted.

NEW QUAKES ARE FELT

Costa Rica Is Badly Frightened.

San Jose, Costa Rica, May 11.—Heavy earthquakes were felt here today. Thousands of persons are leaving the city in alarm. A series of severe shocks was experienced yesterday.

While fear has seized a great part of the populace, the authorities continue resolutely at work among the ruins of Cartago. Many living persons have been released from the debris, and some of these will survive. In most instances identification is impossible. It is reported that the dead include two Americans.

The dead are being buried as rapidly as possible at the direction of the health inspectors. Dynamite is being used to lower the walls that are still standing.

San Domingo, May 11.—A severe earthquake shock was felt here at 3 this morning. There was no loss of life nor damage to property in the city, but reports from the interior have not been received.

Washington, May 11.—The seismograph in the United States weather bureau here recorded an earthquake shock at 2:34 o'clock this morning. The disturbance continued nearly 20 minutes, but the record was a very slight one and entirely insufficient for the scientists to make any determination of the location of the upheaval.

ALL WOMEN MAY VOTE

Universal Suffrage Is Declared by Norwegian Parliament.

Christiania, Norway, May 14—By a great majority the odelsting has voted to grant universal municipal suffrage to women over 2 5years of age. The new legislation will become effective at the next elections and will increase the present woman electors from 270,000 to half a million.

HEINZE FREE OF CHARGE

Jury Declares Copper Magnate Did Not Misapply Funds of Bank.

New York, May 13.— Fritz Augustus Heinze walked out of the criminal branch of the United States circuit court at 10 o'clock last night a free man. Twenty minutes before the jury had declared that he had not, as president of the Mercantile National bank in 1907, either overcertified $500,000 in checks for his brother's brokerage firm, nor had he misapplied the money to further any conspiracy to exploit United States Copper.

Heinze could not have got out of the courtroom before had he used all his power and strength. He had been kissed and embraced by weeping women relatives and the friends of those relatives, he had been hugged by men, slapped on the shoulders, clasped by the hand and pushed, shoved and hauled to the accompaniment of cheering court officers could not quell.

Defeat for Government.

Thus failed ingloriously the federal government's attempt to hold Heinze responsible for financiering during the panic of three years ago, alleged to be in violation of the national banking laws. Charles W. Morse got 15 years for bank wrecking, but Heinze's transactions were held legal, notwithstanding the prosecution's vigorous attempt to prove him a gambler with millions not his own.

John B. Stanchfield defended the young millionaire; Henry A. Wise, United States Attorney for this district, fought to convist him. Mrs. Stanchfield summoned up for the defense yesterday morning and Mr. Wise denounced the defendant for three hours and 35 minutes in the afternoon. Heinze jubilant, issued this statement tonight, after his acquittal:

Lost Millions by Trial.

"I am naturally pleased, but not at all surprised. The thing I most regret is the long delay in bringing the case to trial. I have been ready for trial every day since the first indictment was returned two years and a half ago. This delay has cost me between $4,000,000 and $5,000,000. Possibly some persons who were very anxious to see me convicted will be almost as well satisfied with this as though I had been found guilty, for the ruination of my credit seems to have been one of the objects most viciously aimed at.

"However, as has been brought out in the evidence I still have some of the best copper properties in the world and I now intend to devote my attention to them which I have not been able to do for two and a half years. I appreciate the loyalty of my friends who have stuck to me through it all and regret exceedingly the temporary losses which they have suffered in the depreciation in the price of the securities in which I have been interested.

GIRL SLAYER IS FREED

Koerner, the Artist, Is Pardoned.

New York, May 14.—Gov. Hughes has commuted the sentence of Wm. J. Koerner, an artist, who was serving a life sentence at Auburn prison for killing his sweetheart, Rose Alice Redgate, in this city, in 196.

Koerner's case made a great stir when the crime was committed, and his release comes after 12 years of hard fighting for liberty. He was engaged to Rose Redgate, but her parents broke the engagement. He began to drink heavily and wrote strange letter to his friends, telling them he was "going to hell or some other seaport town." Then, on an afternoon in September, 1896, he induced his sweetheart to meet him near her place of employment as a stenographer and shot her three times. The girl threw her arms around his neck and sank dying to the pavement. Korner fell with her in a epileptic fit.

When he recovered consciousness Koerner said he did not remember shooting the girl or being with her that day. His first trial resulted in a first degree verdict, but this was reversed. During his imprisonment Koerner has edited the prison newspaper, The Star of Hope.

TURN OF HIGH-UP MEN

Secretary of Sugar Trust and Five Other Employes Go on Trial.

New York, May 16.—Charles R. Heike, secretary of the American Sugar Refining Co., regarded by the government as the man "higher up" in the sugar under-weighing conspiracy, was placed on trial today in the United States circuit court, Judge Martin presiding. John B. Stanchfield, Heike's counsel, renewed the plea of not guilty for his client and elected to have the case go to trial by jury. One hundred talesmen were summoned.

Heike's case has been a long time reaching the trial stage. He was indicted with five former employes of the American Sugar Refining Co. on January 10 last, on charges of conspiracy to defraud the federal government by false weighing of imported sugar. Heike pleaded immunity because of testimony he had previous given before the grand jury in proceedings under the Sherman anti-trust law. His plea was denied and he withdrew it, entering a plea of not guilty, but his counsel got a writ of error from Justice Lurton, of the United States supreme court, on the question of immunity.

The government asked the supreme court to vacate the writ of error. There were various legal moves, but the supreme court, in an opinion by Justice Day, granted the government's motion to dismiss the writ on the ground that no right of appeal existed on the immunity plea because there was no final judgment in the case and the guilt or innocence of Heike on the charges of the indictment was left undetermined. It had been a question whether the trial would be begun today because two of the government's important witnesses, Richard Parr, who exposed the fraudulent scales on the sugar company's docks, and Otto Schmelter, an expert who had made important tabulations regarding the underweighing, are ill.

The five other co-defendants with Heike in the conspiracy indictment were placed on trial with him today. They were Ernest Gerbracht, formerly superintendent of the sugar company's Williamsburg refinery; James F. Bendernagel, cashier of the same refinery, who has had one trial in which the jury disagreed; Harry Walker, former assistant superintendent of the Williamsburg sugar dock, and James E. Halligan, Jr., and J. M. Voelker, former assistant weighers.

Motions for the separate trial of each of these men were denied. Eighteen men were called as prospective jurors, and Special Prosecutor Henry L. Stimson, who has had charge of the sugar cases for the government, outlined the case briefly to these talesmen. The process of elimination was then begun.

Another Trimming.

"Talk about your raw deals!" angrily bleated the shivering sheep, immediately after being sheared. "Everybody knows that the woollen industry is protected to the limit by the tariff yet the ungrateful pirates don't leave me, the original wool manufacturer, enough protection to ward off a cold in the head!"

SOARED ONCE TOO OFTEN

French Aviator Killed on Trip Declared the Last.

Lyons, France, May 14.—Chauvett Michelin, a young Frenchman, met a tragic death here Friday while competing in the races of an aviation meeting.

Shortly after leaving the ground in an Antoinette monoplane, Michelin seemed to lose control of the machine, which bumped into a telephone pole and then knocked over a derrick, which, in falling, struck the aviator, fracturing his skull.

When the horrified spectators saw what had happened they wrecked the barriers which confined the crowds and rushed to the spot where the monoplane was lying. Michelin was still in the seat of the machine. He was taken to a hospital, where his skull was trepined in a vain attempt to save his life. He died shortly after the operation.

Michelin was only 23 years old. To an assistant who wished him luck as his machine arose into the air, the young aviator said:

"No aviation for me after this meeting; I have had enough."

PLEADS FOR VETERANS

Cox Attacks Soldier Home Management.

Washington, May 13.—Charges of wasteful and extravagant use of public funds by the board of managers of the national military homes were made by Represetnative Cox, of Ohio, in a speech in the house today. His arraignment of that branch of the public service was accompanied by statistics he presented to show that the cost of operating the homes had doubled in the last 10 years with an increase in the membership of only 7 per cent. He submitted the report of the inspector general of the war department in support of the charges that at one of the homes the ration had averaged 11 cents per capita per day. This, he said, was about half the cost of the army ration.

Mr. Cox presented official reports to show that two soldiers in the army received as much bread per day as five veterans of the soldiers' homes, and that three soldiers in the army received as much meat as five members of the soldiers' homes. The food provision was no more adequate than that allowed by the government to prisoners in the federal penitentiaries, he declared. He claimed that the last three soldiers' homes, erected at Johnson City, Tenn.; Danville, Ill., and Hot Springs, S. D., were a needless expense, explaining that since their establishment the membership in the homes had increased only 73. The denial of discretionary rights, even in emergency cases, to the governors at several branch homes, had evolved inhumane situations. Coroners' inquests were submitted in proof of the charge that soldiers had died just outside the gates, because the governors were not privileged to admit them.

Mr. Cox charged the board with deceit and concealment in its relations with congress and with irregular use of moneys in what is known as the post fund. His allegations included a declaration that officers of the board of managers had misrepresented conditions in the homes when they appeared before the committee on appropriations of the house. He urged congress to adopt President Roosevelt's recommendation that the homes be turned over to the war department.

LET RACES UNITE

Whites and Negroes Should Intermarry, Says Socialist Lawyer.

New York, May 12.—Clarence E. Darrow, the Socialist lawyer of Chicago, in an address last night at the second annual conference of the national negro committee in Cooper Union, wiped out the color line and urged race amalgamation as the solution of the race problem. He criticised Booker T. Washington and told his hearers that what the negro needs is some one to teach him not to work. In part he said:

"It may be a long way in the future, but intermarriage between the races will finally settle all difficulties, as it has in the case of the Irish and Germans and other peoples who formerly had to be kept apart in order to preserve the peace. It is not the color which causes the distinction between the negroes and the white people. The real barrier is the fact that negroes were once slaves, and that today they are in the ranks of labor. It is a labor question rather than a race problem, and the way for the negro to obtain recognition is to cast his lot boldly with the poor and fight with them and for them. The cause of the poor is his cause—and his cause is theirs."

Booker T. Washington, the speaker characterized as that "modest, self-abasing optimist who builds colleges to teach his people to lay bricks for the white man and to perform manual labor of the lowest kind." "What you really need," he continued, "is some one to teach you not to work. Your people have worked from the beginning. You have earned your bread by the sweat of your brow so long that now when you ask for an increase in wages it is considered ludicrous and is regarded in the same light as though some one demanded that a horse's wages should be increased."

COLLEGE NOT FATAL

Cannon Has Some Hope for Graduates.

New Haven, Conn., May 13.—Joseph Cannon, speaker of the house of representatives, writes to the Yale Daily News as follows, in response to the question, "Does a college course help a man win success?"

"To a bright young man, who has everything in him, a college course is not necessarily fatal to success. That is my view of it. The college fellow becomes familiar with a great many theories from instructors, who in the main abound in theories and theories only. You do not know a great many of them who could take charge of a large business or build up one to a grand success. You could not learn to do that in any university or college in the country.

"The common school system, the high school course—gives the average individual at least fair equipment for practical success in business or in various trades that men follow who live by the sweat of their faces. That is about all that the average man will utilize. If he goes along four or five or six or eight or ten years getting something more he is losing a very valuable part of his life; but if he is a real student, a real specialist and he must become a specialist if he is going to devote his life to research and investigation, the college course is necessary for him in order that he become proficient in his specialty.

"There is always a question as to whether the average student will survive the spoiling effects of a college course. A very small percentage of the people can spend the time and money necessary to go through college, but there are a great many students who go ahead and accomplish something along the specialties, as there are a great many of them who accomplish something practical in business and in politics, notwithstanding the burden of bearing a collegiate course.

"The human animal, on the average, is not worth his salt if he is incapable of making his own way. The greater rewards come in business, not in politics."

WRIGHT'S RECORD BEATEN

Mourmelon, France, May 16.—Daniel Kinet, the Belgian aviator, broke the world's record yesterday for an aeroplane flight with passengers, remaining in the air for two hours and 51 minutes.

At Chalones-Sur-Marne, on April 8, Kinet made a flight with passengers, of two hours and 20 minutes. Previous to that Orville Wright held the record, having remained in the air at Berlin last September, with a passenger, for one hour and 35 minutes.

GIFTS OF KAISER MANY

His Friend Roosevelt Receives Vase, Books, Paintings and Photographs.

Berlin, May 14.—Today Emperor William sent to Mr. Roosevelt a vase from the royal porcelain works. The vase is three feet in height and bears upon one side a likeness of his majesty. On the opposite side are two views of the imperial palace in Berlin, one from the bridge of the Elector, showing the equestrian statue of the Great Elector, and the other the palace terrace with statue of William of Orange. Yesterday the emperor gave Mr. Roosevelt a handsome portfolio of photographs taken on the field during the maneuvers witnessed by the emperor and his guest. The day before the emperor gave Mr. Roosevelt six water color paintings of German army scenes, and four books on military subjects.

Amid the quiet surroundings of the Roosevelt library at the University of Berlin, Mr. Roosevelt this morning again tackled the correspondence which has outrun him from the moment that he merged from the African jungles. He failed to catch up, but before the noon hour he had made great progress.

Later the former president received and had a chat with Prof. C. G. Schilling and Paul Niedieck, two of Germany's best known hunters of African big game. Mr. Roosevelt had luncheon as the guest of Joseph C. Grew, second secretary of the American embassy. Other guests were Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Roosevelt, Kermit Roosevelt, American Ambassador Hill, Mrs. Hill, Miss Hill, Henry White, former American ambassador to France, and Mrs. White, and Prof. and Frau Schilling.

Prof. Schilling with a stereopticon showed some flashlight pictures of jungle animals and presented the colonel with five of the collection. Mr. Roosevelt concluded the afternoon with a visit to the zoological gardens. One of the newspapers suggests that a medal should be struck commemorating Mr. Roosevelt's visit to Berlin.

MILLION MARK SIGHTED

Immigration Officials Expect Another Record Breaking Year.

Washington, May 12.—That the United States will receive 1,000,000 immigrants during the fiscal year ending June 30, is the prediction of the officials here. During April 133,276 arrived, making a total of 801,225 thus far this year. The last million immigrant year was in 1907.

Figures received at the immigration bureau show that 4,246 Chinese entered from Canada from July 1, 1906, to December 31, 1909, the revenue from which on account of the head tax was $2,123,000.

ORDERS OUT CAVALRY

Takes Prompt Action to Quell Pueblo Indian Uprising.

Washington, May 14.—President Taft conferred this morning with Secretaries Dickinson and Ballinger regarding the uprising of the Pueblo Indians at Taos, New Mexico. It was decided to send a troop of cavalry at once from Fort Wingate to quell the uprising and restore order. The President was unwilling that the territorial militia of New Mexico should deal with the situation.

Militia Starts Out.

Santa Fe, May 14.—Sixty men of the First regiment infantry, National guard, accompanied by Adjutant General A. S. Brooke, left here early today for Taos, where the Pueblo Indians have been threatening trouble.

Early advices from Taos were that all was quiet with the exception that the renegade Indians for whom bench warrants were out, were still resisting arrest, and were protected by their associates.

It probably will be necessary for the troops to serve the bench warrants and make the arrests, but no bloodshed is anticipated. The Indians, including women and children, number only 500.

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HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR.

REAL-LIFE GLIMPSES

By Elizabeth

SHOULD you ask me who is the greatest writer in Toledo, I should answer, she is Mrs. Josephine Scribner Gates. The answer would be made with certainty for the reason that it chances I have a considerable acquaintance with books and authors, and it is a case of "you can't fool me."

Mrs. Gates is the creator of a new literature for children, which, perhaps, may be best described as modern fairy tales. They are better, by far, than any of the fairy tales which have come down to us through the ages, because there are no wicked fairies in them, no evil sprites of any kind, "no nothing," except naturalness and happiness.

Before going further I want to say that Mrs. Gates is unaware anything of this sort is being written. She might object to it if she had warning, therefore she has not been told. In common with everyone who does things that are worth while, she is entirely without self-consciousness and has no idea of blowing her own trumpet, or of asking anyone else to blow it for her, consequently she has never had very much advertising. Her books have won by their own merits.

In more ways than one, Mrs. Gates is an exceptional case. Most writers, when they begin to write, have a streak of morbidness which they must get out of their system before they cheer up and settle down to the real business of writing. Mrs. Gates was never afflicted with this complaint. She began writing for the children, and, having children of her own, she knew pretty well what they wanted and what was good for them to have. She knew, too, they did not want tragedy, so she never had to get the morbid streak out of her system because it was not there.

Mrs. Gates wrote her first book about ten years ago, and she was a much astonished woman when it was promptly accepted and published by The Bobbs-Merrill Co., of Indianapolis. It was just a "hunch," with her, this writing a book and sending it to a publisher, but it turned out to be a hunch that was a good one. In the first place, the story was an original idea. It told about dolls that came alive, and it told about them in a manner that was most fascinating to children, especially girl children. Since then, Mrs. Gates has been the busy writer. In the coming fall, three more books of which she is the author, will be published, making 12 volumes of assorted sizes, placed to her credit.

In nearly every one of the books, dolls come alive, and conduct themselves in ways delightful to children. Mrs. Gates thinks that with her 12th volume she has finished. She has not. She is going to rest a spell, and then be up and at it. There never can be too many books of the kind which help children to be good, and help to make them happy.

The most ambitious effort in the writing line which Mrs. Gates has made, is one of the three books which are to be fall publications. It is a story for girls about 16 years of age, or thereabouts, though dolls are again a conspicuous feature, but the part they play in the story, is distinctly new and ingenious, and it contains a good deal which will set the grown-up ones a-thinking. The name of this book is Sunshine Annie and that sounds all right.

Fannie Y. Cory, who lives out in Montana and is really Mrs. Cooney, is making the illustrations. Mrs. Cooney has much fame as an artist who knows how to draw children. She has made the world smile pleasantly with her picture babies, and if you can make the world smile pleasantly you don't have to worry much about anything. Mrs. Gates thinks she is honored by the company of so distinguished an illustrator. According to my idea, the honors are evenly divided.

The dolls that come alive stories are simply told tales, but they have the three things indispensible to the making of a good story. These three things are plot, character and purpose, though the purpose in the doll stories is so deftly worked in, the children absorb the lesson it teaches without knowing they are having any teaching.

Besides being a writer of stories, Mrs. Gates is a teller of them. She frequently visits the kindergartens of Toledo's public schools, and tells stories to the little ones, illustrating them with toys which she carries in a basket on her arm for good company.

There is much being done for the children these days. The reason why goes without explanation. I would not run the risk of being laughed at for a bromide, by saying, "the children of today are the men and women of tomorrow."

The haunts and homes of people who do things worth while are always of interest to the public, and while I do not know the favorite haunts of the Lady of the Live Dolls, I know something of her home.

It is in West Brancroft street and is a large, comfortable looking house, painted brown. It has much veranda, and it has HOME written all over it. There are flowering shrubs in the yard, which were just ready to burst into bloom the day I saw them. There is a tep or two up from the street to the yard, and on each side of the steps are two large shrubs. In their full glory which will soon be here, they are a mass of white blossoms. Where they grow, on each side of the walk, they form a gateway in which there is no gate to bar the way. It is a sort of old-fashioned, "welcome to our home," entrance and planting the shrubs there was the idea of the man of the house. When the house door is opened, the welcome which met one at the gateway seems to be repeated.

The day I was there, was a few days after THE wedding. The wedding was that of the Lady of the Live Dolls eldest daughter, which was something of a surprise to me as I had no idea she had a daughter old enough to be married. You know the look of youth lingers long with one whose mind is filled with pleasant thoughts, and who is engaged in pleasant business. It cannot be put on from the outside.

Signs and symbols of the wedding were everywhere present. There was smilax twined, where twining smilax looks the best, and there were flowers in many places. The wedding took place in the big, many-windowed living room, which held nearly all of the 75 guests who were present. It was a pretty and happy wedding. Some way, I knew that almost without being told.

The living room has all the things in it that make home a good place to be in. There are pictures and books and a piano and a writing desk and chairs that are comfortable to sit in. On the floor are some Navajo rugs, in which is interwoven the Swastika sign, a sign which is a survival of the most ancient of ancients. With the Indians this sign means good luck, which is one way of spelling happiness.

This is the place where the live dolls come from. It is a home folks place, and home folks live in it, and the Lady of the Live Dolls is a lady who is busy trying to help other home folks to be happy. Where there are happy children some of it is sure to rub off on their elders.

Josephine Scribner Gates has a brother, Harvey Scribner, who is a writer and a lawyer. His stories are of lawing, and of experiences which have come to him in his practice. They are good stories, too, so you see the writing habit is in the family.

As a souvenir of the wedding I was presented with a little white box of wedding cake, tied with a pink satin ribbon. It was given to me to "sleep on," but I have it put away as a keepsake in a pretty, little white and pink May basket, made by a pretty, little girl named Penelope Hubbard. I felt a bit guilty about taking the box of wedding cake. I had not told Mrs. Gates what I intended to do, and that in addition to getting some live doll book pointers I wanted to have a look at her and her home, but people who do things for the public good are always of interest to the public, and it is a great and good thing to have written books and to have told stories which have made thousands and thousands of children happy.

I had a hunch to write this about Mrs. Gates, as I have other hunches up my sleeve to write about other things and people. This is all for today.

A Common Source of Supply.

The stork had just visited Arthur's house and Fred was filled with envy. As the doctor was leaving after one of his visits he heard Fred say: "I say, Arthur, where did you get your little sister, anyway?" "Why, Dr. Brown brought her." "Dr. Brown?" said Fred in great surprise, "why, we take of him."—The Delineator.

MORNING THOUGHTS

These good thoughts for the top o' the morning, are taken from the letters sent to The Blade from various parts of the country. Watch for yourself.

SUNDAY

How happy we ought to be. Some of us think we have a hard time, but we ought to say, "I'll be thankful, for it could be worse."

MONDAY

Just have a little charity. Put yourself in the other's place, and you will be surprised to see in what a different light a matter appears when seen from another's point of view.—A Daughter-in-Law, Pennsylvania

TUESDAY

Let us learn to speak kindly to and of one another, and see if we do not have more friends.—Ione, Arkansas.

WEDNESDAY

It does us all good to know how much sky there is over us. — Aunt Florence, Ohio.

THURSDAY

I love my home more and more and I feel that it is good to live, though sometimes I have discouragements, but, dear ones, I always look for and expect to find good in mankind.—Contentment, Oklahoma.

FRIDAY

Deny children a happy home and they are robbed of the happiest days of their lives.—Mrs. L. J. Graves, Arkansas.

SATURDAY

Let us cheer up and look on the bright side. I am sure it will do us no harm, to say the least.—Cheerful, Virginia.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer, scattering sunshine along the way.

A "DROP IN" TALK

How do you do? This is a beautiful day, though a little too windy for comfort, but it will do. I washed this morning, and, as I always feel too tired to work very much in the afternoon of washdays, I like to go a-visiting, so I thought I would just "drop in" for a few minutes.

I went to town the other day, and I had a most disastrous time, too. You see I was going alone with baby, and just as I was nicely started, I discovered the calf was following. I did my best to persuade her that it was not just the proper thing for calves to go to town, still she persisted in going, so I took the lines in the hand I was holding baby with, grabbed the whip and proceeded to mete out corporal punishment to that disobedient calf. when, lo! the horses jumped the front wheel of the buggy struck a stone, up jounced my egg basket, and crash!!

I picked up that unlucky egg basket and held it until I succeeded in quieting the horses, when I again turned my attention to the basket. Pouring out of it was egg, egg, and yet more egg, all over the skirt of my new spring suit. Well! it would not sound ladylike to tell my thoughts concerning that calf, so I will just say this much: I had 18 cents worth of eggs when I reached town, and I am going to save that 18 cents, and all the other 18 cents I get until I have enough to buy an automobile, and then I shall put my egg basket in it, turn that calf loose, start for town, and tell her to follow if she wants to and catch me if she can.—Mic Higan, Michigan.

A NEW COMER

I have been a reader of your paper for only a few months, but I thought I should like to write and let you know that I like the Household page very much. I think the letters pertaining to home, and how mothers train their children, are so good. I wish more mothers would write and tell us about their children.

I am a farmer's wife and have two little boys. Their ages are five and three years. We like to go to the woods and pick flowers and make flower gardens. I think every mother should be with her children as much as she can through the days, and when she is at work, have them around her so she can study their minds and teach them what to do so they may grow up to do right.

I have always talked to my boys since they were little babies. I have told them stories and played with them. It seems as if they are quick to learn and remember what I tell them. Above all things, they like to sing.

I have a dear friend who is a reader of The Blade. She was visiting me the other day, and she said I put her in mind of Chummy Mother, so, as I think I have written enough for my first time I will sign my name as I am sometimes called—Little Mamma, Indiana.

HE LIKES US

I have read the good, old Toledo Blade and I never get tired of it. There are so many good things to read. I will write a little to let you know how I like the paper. It is the best paper I ever read. I can get a lot of signers next year.

I am poor, but I try to do right. It is hard to get along sometimes. I have to be laid up for weeks at a time, but I praise the Lord, just the same. We read the Good Book and it tells us what to do. When I come home, my wife meets me with a smile and a kiss, and that is the way we get along. I have not had any work for three months, except for eleven and a half days. I trust I shall get more work after awhile, but the Lord knows best. —Pat, New York.

THE CHILDREN

Some women are anxious to vote and take part in politics, but I am more anxious to keep the boys and girls on the farm amid home surroundings and good Sunday schools. Deny children a happy home and they are robbed of the happiest days of their lives. Sisters, remember the time to begin training the children is when they are treading on your toes. Impress on their minds that you correct them because you love them. Teach them manners at home and you will not be ashamed when they go abroad. Thank them for any little service rendered. Show them you appreciate their help and never grumble at the extra work if they have company. If a boy turns over a chair don't storm like the house was on fire. A boy will be a boy as long as the world stands.

We have only two children with us now. Three have homes of their own. One son, 26 years of age, and one 16 are with us. They can cook, sweep, make up the beds, in fact they can do any kind of housework. I have very poor health, and I appreciate all their help and I let them know it. God bless the boys.

In The Blade of March 31 we were asked why we go to church. I go to hear the preachers, and I go every opportunity I have. I pay good attention, and if I cannot agree with all their teachings I just think everyone has a right to, his own belief. Now, if I have not outstayed my welcome, I shall visit you again sometime if it is God's will. I thank all the sisters for their nice letters.—Mrs. L. J. Graves, Arkansas.

IS IT DRUDGERY?

I have thought for sometime I would like to write to the Cozy Corner. I want to know how many of the sisters think housework on a farm, is drudgery. I get so tired sometimes doing the same work over and over, that I wish I could run away from it all. Do not think I do not like to work, but I have six in the family to do for, and a large house to keep clean. I help with the milking and gardening, raise poultry, and do most of my sewing. My children are all boys except the baby who is six years old. I like to crochet and do fancy work, but do not have much time. I enjoy reading the Household page and have tried many of the recipes with good results.—E. E., Ohio.

Well, you certainly are the busy lady. I hope some of "the girls" will write and tell you how to manage your work so it will not seem like drudgery. You have me guessing, this time.—Elizabeth.

INQUIRY

Alice W. would like a recipe for sweet crackers and old-fashioned cup cakes.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

The weather is "warming up" some in Toledo at the present time of writing. I have a hunch that about the 18th it is going to be all that can be desired in the way of May weather. Watch for it.

I want to thank all of you people who are signing your real names to your letters. It is much better and makes you seem more like "folks" to me.

Gale of West Virginia.—Thank you for the postal. It is on my office wall.

Our most recent letter writers are Lewis B. Jessup, Lee Gray, A. Cheerful Housewife, Mrs. Edith Crumbacher, Minnie B., J. N. Clingan, Wild Rose, and A Tennessee Woman.

NOTICE

Believing the person who sent the clipping to O. Ray Turner to be our sister, will the same please communicate with the undersigned at once? E. V. Tourner, Bath, New York. R. F. D. No. 3.

IN THE KING BUSINESS

JUDGING from the accompanying picture, taken from The World Today for May, King Alphonso of Spain is getting hold of the right end of things, and is trying to get close to his people. As a newspaper cut does not always show all that appeared in the original, in this case, it will be safe to give an explanation. Alphonso in a gray suit, is standing just in front of the tree which is just in front of the building, having the appearance of a barn. He is out for a walk in the streets of Seville, and has gathered about him whoever wished to be gathered, and the "wishers" amount to quite a crowd. The picture is intended to show how little the king fears assassination.

KING ALPHONSO IN A CROWD.

The king business in the past and present has not been invariably a peaceful or joyful occupation for the uneasy head that wears a crown. A change for the better is reported in Spain. The population is increasing and there is increased activity in agriculture, mining and general commerce. There is always a cause for every effect, you may be very sure, and in the present effect, the picture of Alphonso, mingling fearlessly with his people, indicates that he is, at least, a part of the cause.

Fearlessness inspires respect and robs the would-be destroyer of his will to destroy.

Aside from fearlessness, there is something else to be practiced by those who sit in high places and are leaders, or guides of men. The something else is to follow the get-together policy; to be man to man, not monarch to subject. This is the policy which averts disaster and always wins. The aloof attitude; the "I am better than thou," spirit, is an attitude and a spirit to forsake and forget by all parties concerned. Each must meet the other half way.

It is not only the ones in the king business who have a part to play in this; it is as much the part of the crowds as it is that of kings.

This is a truth which is being learned more and more every day.

Judge Sloane of the juvenile court in Sandusky, the town where they have the curfew and the mayor who either will or will not, according to his idea of law and justice, is learning it fast. In the beginning of his juvenile court service, Judge Sloane thought he must hedge himself about with state and sit aloof, when youthful offenders came before his presence. He has learned differently. The grave and dignified judge is practicing the get-together policy, and is a boy with the boys when occasion demands, therefore he is winning the boys and is doing good work.

Judge Lindsay of Denver, is a shining example of the comradeship spirit, and so is Judge O'Brien O'Donnell of Toledo's juvenile court. Both men are alternately boy to boy, or father to son with the gone-wrong lads they have to deal with, and the boys soon discover that it is not because they hate them that they "bate" them when it is necessary, neither is it because they wish to show their "aut'ority," but it is because they love them and wish to make them good.

Doubtless the king business in a mild form, will have to be always practiced, but the milder it is, the better.—Elizabeth.

CHILDREN'S LETTERS

Dear Everybody:—I was just going to say I am 11 years old, but, stopping to think, I remember I am 12. I often wondered if I could write a letter to The Blade, but was almost afraid to try. I am not afraid of horses, though. I love to ride them. Last year, I trained a calf to ride. His name was Buster. I missed him when Daddy sold him. I have three cats and their names are Old Bid, Charles Henry, and Lida Jane. Old Bid is the mamma cat and the others are her kittens. Our calves' names are Bluebell and Rainbow. Rainbow is the most stubborn calf alive. Rose Mary says she isn't. I love to run, jump, eat candy, tease Rose Mary, read The Blade and, oh, almost anything but wash dishes. I sign the name Rose Mary gave me. — Gypsy, Michigan.

We have taken The Blade a good many years and have always liked it very much, but this is my first attempt to write a letter to it. I am the youngest in the family, being 13 years old. I have one older brother. I go to school about two miles from home and have not missed over a week since last fall. I am in the eighth grade and expect to try Regent's in June in arithmetic, English, reading, history and writing. I have already passed Regent's in geography and spelling, getting 86 per cent in the former and 93 per cent in the latter.

I live in the country on a farm of 40 acres in the western part of New York state and have for my pets, three colts, two horses and two kittens which are very cunning. I love to work out doors, dropping berry plants and working at the berry plants, picking the berries, etc. I usually have a garden of my own and raise vegetables. I have currant bushes and red raspberry bushes and strawberries of my own. My father has planted over an acre to raspberries and about three quarters of an acre to strawberries.

I would like to read some letters written from California or some western state.

Girls, write and tell us how you are having your summer dresses made. Let us have some variation in the Children's letters. I will close my long letter, hoping you will see fit to print this. With best wishes I will sign my nickname.—Gertrude, New York.

I saw the children's letters in The Blade, and also the Florida alligator letter. I am a little girl of 12 years. I live in Michigan. We have a different place than Florida, as to weather. We have had about 100 days of winter weather every year. It is the first of May and we have a fire and the doors shut and it is raining hard.

I am a soldier's daughter and would like to live in Florida. We have a small place here, but haven't any garden planted yet. Well I will close. Hoping to hear from Miss Forida Alligator again.—Miss Louise of Michigan.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Dear M. G. R.'s—As it has been quite a while since I was with you I thought I would drop in and see "what's doing."

Of course you all read that little funny piece over in the Cozy Corner some few weeks ago about the colored man's matrimonial affairs. Well, I just wanted to say that "Jim" probably cleaned his feet without being told, before marriage.

As a rule when a man "take's a notion" to marry a girl he puts his "best foot forward" and tries to prove how nice and good he can be, and then it very frequently happens that after he gets her it's like playing "old granny hypocrite;" it's "walk like I do now or I'll break your leg."

Now we all love our Elizabeth and you mustn't tell her I said it, but I really am afraid that most of her sympathies are for the "lords of creation," for I have noticed quite a few times over in the Cozy Corner, where she would "score us women dreadful."

I kept quiet over in the cozy corner, but I am going to "stir up" the M. G. R.'s and you mustn't think I am too hard on the "poor dear men," for I know there are good ones as well as bad ones, but I must confess that most of my sympathies are for "my sister woman."

As for changing after marriage I think the woman has more cause for changing than the man; perhaps she has more little "tots" around her feet than she can care for, as they should be cared for and do herself justice, and perhaps she has ill-health from trying to do more work in order to keep up her household than her strength will allow; and perhaps and perhaps a dozen more things I could mention, but those things make her easily worried and cross. So I think in nine cases out of ten she ought to be "more pitied than censured."

Oh! but don't our editor think he is "awfully smart" when he gets over in that editorial column and "throws off on us poor women." I would like to be a "woman ghost" in Toledo some dark night, I'd make him "ramble."

According to my way of thinking men have life lots easier than women. What say the rest of the M. G. R.'s?

There! I have unwittingly given you a subject for discussion, but come along with the goods. This is just the opinion of "The Tennessee Coon."

No, Tennessee Coon, I am not any more "for" the men than I am "for" the women. I am for everybody, all together, and God bless everyone.

No woman should permit herself to be an "object of pity." Nothing would rile me more than to be one of those objects. Guess again.—Elizabeth.

After a long silence, I wish to again join the happy band whose influence will not cease with its labors, but blossom into sweet fragrance, long after its members have gone to their reward. The many excellent letters that have appeared from time to time, have a charm for me that no language can express. I have made many delightful excursions to the great field of enlightenment, where uowers of intelligence ever bloom, and starsof hope ever shine.

My home is in the country, where the beautiful evergreens that tower heavenward, waft a song of welcome.

I like the country, and, while I have stood on the shore of the Mighty Deep and watched the restless waves kiss the silver strand, yet after all there is no place so dear to me as Home Sweet Home."

Red Wing from Ohio, your compliment is still remembered and appreciated. I enjoy reading your letters in The Blade and think it about time for you to pay your dues.

I would like to tell of a recent experience, though it may not be interesting. Some weeks ago I was visiting relatives and met a small circle of M. G. R. members. After quite an enjoyable time, it was agreed that each member present should write the name of his choice of M. G. R. writers and compare results. We did so and to our surprise found that all had selected the same one. So one of the members present was asked to write a bit of appreciation and present it for publication.

We do not deem the imperfect verse worthy the attention of the one for whom it is intended, however, it is cheerfully sent by a well wisher.

It is as follows

We welcome you, our circle's choice,
To your most honored place;
Our hearts are glad, we must rejoice,
And may time ne'er efface
The radiance of your noble work,
But may it like the sun,
Illuminate the cause we love
Until your mission's done.

Now, if you want to know who was our choice, just ask—Blue-Eyed Hermit, Kentucky.

I thought I would write and see if I could interest the editor enough to place my letter in print. I am a farmer and am proud to say that I earn my bread by tilling the stubborn soil. I live in historic East Tennessee, on the Holstan river, near the mouth of Watauga river, and only a few miles from the spot where William Bean built his cabin to protect himself and family from the barbarous Indians in the pioneer days.

Mother Nature has beautified this land and country with lofty mountains whose tops seem to kiss the sky. And then we have pretty streams of crystal waters, beautiful rivers, with overhanging cliffs, and many different kinds of evergreen trees that add beauty and grandeur. I would say to the western people, that I know your broad fields of prairie grass, wherein the sun seems to rise and set, are beautiful, but give me the "Blue Hills" of Tennessee by a shady nook or on some beautiful stream, and happiness is mine.

Ah, I cannot tell you about it! Just come and see, and when you alight from the train, I'm sure you will receive the glad handshake of some "Hill Billy," and the welcome "Stay with me tonight."

I'm afraid my letter is getting too long, but must say ere I close, that I have been a reader of the dear old Blade for many years, and have whiled many happy hours away by reading its pleasant pages. I will try and tell you in my next something about the fish and game, also the kind of crops that our soil produces. With best wishes for the M. G. R., I am, yours truly—H Clint Wood, Tennessee.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

It may seem very hard to be good, sometimes, but it pays, my people, it pays.—Elizabeth.

Pet:—It is "Elizabeth" all over the Household page, and she was Miss Prudence, too. I couldn't see the use of having so many different names. Thank you for the letter and for the posey. It is on my desk, saying "good morning."

Laurel Wreath:—Thank you for the postal. It is on my office wall.

We had quite a stack of mail to report this week. Letters have been received from Betsy of West Virginia, Only a Girl, Mrs. Juliet P. Butcher, Pet, Gussie W., Alverta Phillips, Lloyd, Mary of Ohio, Forget-me-Not, The Yankee Girl and Laurel Wreath.

SEEN IN BOYLAND

By Elizabeth

IF YOU know Toledo at all, you know that Ten Mile creek is one of the features in this region which lend beauty to the landscape and variety to the scene. It slides and slips and ripples its winding way with many a serpentine twist and turn, before its waters meet their fate in Lake Erie.

The boys, both old and young, know its banks and depths and swimming holes, and the fish that dwell therein. Many a fisherman casts his line from its shores, and many a fish comes out of its waters. They come reluctantly, to be sure, but come they must if they swallow the bait thrown out so enticingly.

I saw one of these fishers of fish the other day, and went to his party. It was being held out Central Grove park way, down on the clay bank of Ten Mile creek, in a low-lying basin of land, which one must reach by descending a steep declivity. The fisherman was a boy. He had a dog with him and a battered tin can, filled with worms for bait, and a basket for his fish, and a fishing pole and line. I saw him from the roadway leading into the park, and having seen him was to wish to join his company.

There was the steep declivity to be descended before he could be reached, but steep declivities are nothing when you have the will and lightly treading feet with which to descend or climb. It was sort of a jouncing trip, going down, and a swift run for a short distance after I touched bottom.

A girl baby and her mother went down with me. The girl baby was a pretty strong walker, but the declivity was almost too much for her and she rolled and tumbled, head over heels, to the end of her journey, where she came right side up and smiling. There we parted company.

The stretch of ground to be crossed before the fisher boy could be reached was clay, mixed with water until it was muddy, but I refused to be a stick-in-the-mud, and crossed it successfully, though I carried with me on my two feet several pounds of damp soil. The dog with the fisherboy turned out to be a puppy. He ran to meet me and grabbed the hem of my skirt in his teeth by way of a greeting. He wagged his tail, so I believed that end of him and knew he was not a danger signal. Having thus received my credentials, I was sure I might approach the fisherboy.

"Hello," I said, "are you fishing?" asking foolish question number 6,782,000,000.

He acknowledged his guilt, and for my asking, gave me his permission to stay by his side for a spell. In that time I learned that his dog's name was Buster, and that they were comrades and friends.

"He's part hound and part bulldog," fisherboy confided.

"Well, he's all right," I told him.

Whereupon the boy smiled complacently.

"Does he eat up things—shoes and things,?" I inquired.

"Does he?" fisherboy exclaimed. "Why, he's chewed up my best hat and et up a pair of lace curtains a'ready, and he's only three months old. and I haven't had him very long," he boasted. "Ma took a whip to him the time he et my hat and her curtains. Now, all she has to do when he gets crazy, is to take a whip and hit the door. You'd ought-a see Buster hike and holler. He goes and hides under the shed."

He looked at his dog fondly and pridefully.

Buster was a nondescript, a mongrel they call his kind, and he had not grown to the size of his feet or hide, but he had almost human eyes, and they held a wistful sort of a look which said: "Love me and I'll be good, even if I am full of the dickens."

Fishing was not very good that day. Now and then there was a splash when a fish leaped high in the water, but the fish did not answer to the call of the hook and line. There was a little bunch of small fish tied together with a string and put to soak in the water.

"What are you going to do with those?" I questioned. "They are not big enough to eat."

"No," answered fisherboy. "I'm going to take 'em home an' fry 'em for Buster. Them's just shiners. They's carp, an' sunfish, an' perch, an' little bass in the crick, but you can't get 'em today. You kin sometimes, though," he said cheerfully.

I hung around for a while longer and watched the fishhook being "loaded" with a handful of squirmy worms. Buster found them fascinating morsels and he wished to nose and mumble them, but he was warned away. He refused to heed the warning, so I held him in leash, by the loose skin on the back of his neck, until the worms were sent to their dreadful destiny.

By-and-by, I went away a little distance, to sit on a log and listen to the wind in the trees. It was rippling through them that day. The skies were blue and the birds were calling. On the bank of the creek sat fisherboy hugging his knees with his arms, while he watched and waited for the fish that did not come. Buster loafed around, worrying things and occasionally barking foolishly at nothing.

A boy and his dog; a fishing line and running water; a glad day and a swift, clean breeze, and there you have a glimpse of life in boy land.

POETS' CORNER

POORHOUSE NAN

Author Unknown.

Did you say you wish to see me, sir?
Step in, 'tis a cheerless place;
But you're heartily welcome all the same, to be poor is no disgrace.
Have I been here long? Have I been here long? Oh, yes, sir; 'tis thirty winters gone
Since poor Jim took to the crooked ways and left me all alone.
Jim was my son and a likelier lad you'd never wish to see,
Till evil counsels won his heart and led him away from me.

'Tis the old, sad, pitiful story of the devil's winding stair,
And men going down, and down, and down in blackness and despair;
Tossing about like wrecks at sea, with helm and anchor lost;
On and on, through the surging waves, not caring to count the cost;
I doubt sometimes if the dear Savior sees, He seems so far away,
How the souls He loved and died for are drifting, drifting astray,"

Indeed 'tis little wonder, sir; if woman shrinks and cries,
When the life-blood of rum's altar spilled, is calling to the skies;
Small wonder if her heart feels each sacrificial blow,
For isn't each life a part of hers, each pain her hurt and woe?
Read all the records of crime and shame, 'tis bitterly, sadly true,
Where manliness and honor die, there woman's heart dies, too.

I think when I hear folks talk so prettily and so fine
Of "alcohol as needful food," of the "moderate use of wine,"
How "the world could do without it, there was clear no other way.
But for a man to drink or let it alone, as his own strong will might say."
That "to use it, but not abuse it, was the proper thing to do;"
How I wish they'd let old Poorhouse Nan preach her little sermon, too!

I would give them scenes in a woman's life that would make their pulses stir,
For I was a drunkard's child and wife; aye, a drunkard's mother, sir!
I would tell of childish terrors, of childish tears and pain,
Of cruel blows from a father's hand, when rum had crazed his brain.
He always said he could drink his fill, or let it alone as well.
Perhaps he might, he was killed one night in a brawl in a grogshop hell.

I would tell of years of loveless toil the drunkard's child had passed;
With just one gleam of sunshine too beautiful to last.
When I married Tom I tho't that for sure I had nothing more to fear,
That life would come all right at last, the world seemed full of cheer:
But he took to moderate drinking, he allowed 'twas a harmless thing;
So the arrow sped and my bird of hope came down with a broken wing.

Tom was onl ya moderate drinker. Ah, sir, do you bear in mind,
How the plodding tortoise in the race left the leaping hare behind?
'Twas because he held right on and on, steady and true, is slow,
And that's the way I'm thinking that the moderate drinkers go!
Step over step, day after day, with sleepless, tireless pace,
While the toper sometimes looks behind and tarries in the race.

Ah! heavily in the well worn path poor Tom walked day by day,
For my heart-strings clung about his feet and tangled up the way.
The days were dark and friends were gone and life dragged on full slow;
And children came like reapers to a field of waves and woe.
Two of them died and I was glad when they lay before me dead.
I had grown so weary of their cries, their pitiful cries for bread.

There came a time when my heart was stone, I would neither hope nor pray;
Poor Tom lay out in the potter's field, and my boy had gone astray.
My boy, who'd been my idol, while like the hounds a-thirst for blood,
Between my breaking heart and him, the liquor seller stood,
And lured him on with pleasant words, his pleasures and his wine;
Ah, God, have pity on other hearts as bruised and hurt as mine!

There were whispers of evildoing, of dishonors and of shame
That I cannot bear to think of now and would not dare to name.
There was hiding away from the light of day, there was creeping about at night;
A hurried word of parting—then, a criminal's stealthy flight.
His lips were white with remorse and fright when he gave me a good-bye kiss;
And I've never seen my poor lost boy from that sad day to this.

Ah, none but a mother can tell you, sir, how a mother's heart will ache,
With the sorrow that comes of a sinning child, with grief for a lost one's sake.
When she knows the feet she trained to walk have gone so far astray,
And the lips grown bold with curses that she taught to sing and pray.
A child may fear, a wife may weep, but of all sad things
None other seems half so sorrowful to me as being a drunkard's mother.

They tell me that down in the vilest dens of the cities' crime and murk
There are men with the hearts of angels doing the angel's work:
That they win back the lost and straying, that they help the weak to stand,
By the wonderful power of loving words and the help of God's right hand.
And often and often, the dear Lord knows I've knelt and prayed to Him
That somewhere, somehow, 'twould happen that they'd find and save my Jim!

You'll say 'tis a poor old woman's whim, but when I prayed last night,
Right over yon eastern window there shone a wonderful light.
(Least ways it looked that way to me), and out of the light there fell
The softest voice I had ever heard, it rung like a silver bell.
And there were the words, "The prodigal turns, so tired by want and sin,
He seeks his father's open door, he weeps and enters in."

Why, sir, you're crying as hard as I What, is it really done?
Have the loving voice and the helping hand brought back my wandering boy?
Did you kiss me and call me mother, and bold me to your breast?
Or is it one of the taunting dreams that come to mock my rest?
No, no, thank God, 'tis a dream come true; I can die for He's saved my boy.
And the poor old heart that had lived on grief was broken at last by joy!

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT

(Author Unknown.)

When a child I lived at Lincoln with my parents on the farm;
The lessons that my mother taught have never lost their charm;
Oft would she take me on her knee, when tired of childish play,
And, as she pressed me to her breast, I've heard her gently say

CHORUS.

Waste not, want not, is a maxim I would teach;
Let your watchword be Dispatch, and practice what you preach;
Do not let your chances like sunbeams pass you by,
For you never miss the water till the well runs dry.

As years rolled on I grew to be a mischief-making boy,
Destruction seemed my only sport, it was my only joy;
And well do I remember when oftimes well chastised,
How, as he sat beside me, my father thus advised:

Waste not, want not, etc.

When I arrived at manhood and embarked in public life,
I found it was a rugged road, bestrewn with care and strife;
I speculated foolishly, my losses were severe,
But still a tiny little voice kept whispering in my ear:

Waste not, want not, etc.

Then I studied strict economy and found, to my surprise,
My funds, instead of sinking still, full soon began to rise;
I grasped each chance and always struck the iron while 'twas hot;
I seized my opportunities and never once forgot

Waste not, want not, etc.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

By C. A. B.

Once I saw a gentle lady
With her babe upon her knee,
And she sat beside a river
As it wandered to the sea.

O, why is it that her heart throbs
Nearly take away her breath,
As she looks upon this infant
As he climbs upon her breast.

It is this, kind reader, listen,
In prophetic view she sees,
As the river wanders seaward,
So this boy her life will leave.

And, although her heart is breaking,
Crushed 'neath feet as common clay,
She must stay at home, while praying
God to guard her boy each day.

So this mother cries in anguish
To the One she knows will hear,
"The mistakes I made in training,
Let them not, my God, appear.

"Draw my boy, O Father, draw him,
To the Saviour's bleeding side;
May he there find strength and comfort,
Evermore there to abide.

"Then my life will not be worthless,
It will not have been in vain.
Ah, the Father calls unto him,
He the wanderer hath reclaimed."

POEMS REQUESTED

Dear People:—Some of you find fault because you do not find what you have asked for in the Poet's corner. I am doing the best I can, as fast as I can. If you could see the mail for the Household Page, you would let me come back and be forgiven. You may be very sure I am glad of the big mail. That means you like me, and I like you.—Elizabeth.

Here is a clue to a poem wanted: I gave her a beautiful locket. She asked for my face in the thing.

The White Canoe, by Adrian T. Gorham, is asked for. It begins: I stand where the mystical ocean rolls.

A poem very much wanted is Moll Pitcher at Monmouth. It begins something like this: So you ask me for a story of the battle days of yore.

SOME POINTERS

Have faith, have faith in those you love.

You wives, if you have faith in your husbands, they will keep their trust.

In so many little ways, by so many little things, we may be sunshine makers. It will not hurt you much just to be pleasant.

Keep your doors and windows open to the sun and air as much as you can.

It comes to nearly everyone to be a vicarious sacrifice in some form or other. If you think you are one, take your medicine without a murmur, though the taste may be bitter. Some one else will profit by it, and you will come out winner in the end.

Every day may be a lovely day if you try to make it so.

You cannot do more than you can do, so even things up by doing the best that you can.

If you hear anything pleasant about anyone you know, go and tell it, quick. It makes two happy feelings.

Too much stress is laid on gossip. Too much importance is attached to gossipers. Neither is worth so much attention.

Whatever your creed, philosophy or religion may be, keep human. Keep your heart warm and your sympathy alive.

True charity is not alms-giving. True charity means kindliness of thought, helpfulness to those who are in need of help, no matter what may have been their fault.

"Good night," and "good morning," are lovely words to keep handy for use in the family.

That is all for today. Maybe I'll think of some more next week.—Elizabeth.

ANOTHER WOMAN CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Black Duck, Minn.—"About a year ago I wrote you that I was sick and could not do any of my housework. My sickness was called Retroflexion. When I would sit down I felt as if I could not get up. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and did just as you told me and now I am perfectly cured, and have a big baby boy."—Mrs. ANNA ANDERSON, Box 19, Black Duck, Minn.

Consider This Advice.

No woman should submit to a surgical operation, which may mean death, until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made exclusively from roots and herbs, a fair trial.

This famous medicine for women has for thirty years proved to be the most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women residing in almost every city and town in the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It cures female ills, and creates radiant, buoyant female health. If you are ill, for your own sake as well as those you love, give it a trial.

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free and always helpful.

LLINGER FIRES CLERK

gered by His Disclosures Concerning the Lawler Letter.

Washington, May 16.—Frederick M. Kerby, the stenographer in the office of the secretary of the interior, who on Saturday issued a statement regarding the Lawler memorandum on the Glavis charges to the President, was discharged from the government service by Secretary Ballinger today.

The text of the secretary's letter to Kerby is as follows:

"May 16, 1910.

Sirs—You are hereby discharged from the public service because you are unworthy to remain in it. In disclosing information obtained by you of the confidential relation of stenographer to the secretary of the interior, in communicating that information to those whom you are bound to know are wrongfully seeking to bring reproach upon the administration, and to injure me, and in deliberately misrepresenting material facts as to which you have knowledge, you have shown that you are unworthy and unfit to serve.

The fact that your treachery is such that I cannot mitigate the character of the offense. For the good of the service you are hereby dismissed. Respectfully, R. A. BALLINGER,

"Secretary."

FT ADMITS GIVING LAWLER INSTRUCTIONS

Washington, May 16. — President Taft has taken a hand in the situation which has arisen concerning the "inside" history of his letter of September 13 exonerating Secretary Ballinger from the charges of Special Agent L. R. Glavis and authorizing the dismissal of Glavis.

In his own signature he addressed a long letter to Senator Knute Nelson, chairman of the Ballinger-Pinchot investigating committee, setting forth in minute detail the sequence of events following his receipt at Beverly, on August 18 last, of the charges of Glavis.

The President makes no direct mention of the statement of Frederick L. Kerby, the young stenographer in the secretary Ballinger's office, published Saturday, in which the stenographer declared that the President's letter of exoneration was prepared in Ballinger's office by Oscar Lawler, assistant attorney general for the interior department. The letter from Mr. Taft is, however, obviously provoked by Kerby's statement.

Mr. Taft declares not only that Lawler did prepare such a letter as Kerby said he did, but that he did so at the President's specific direction. When he received it, he found, he says, that it was not what he wanted to issue, and he wrote the letter himself in the form in which he desired using from Lawler's draft only one or two general statements.

The President goes still further, and takes up the question of the "back dating" of Attorney General Wickersham's summary of the Glavis charges which Attorney Louis D. Brandeis has drawn attention. Mr. Taft says that the attorney general's letter was in fact "back dated" and that this also was done by his specific direction. The following is the full text of the President's letter:

"The White House, Washington, May 15, 1910.

My Dear Senator Nelson—In the hearings before the committee to investigate the interior department and forestry service reference has been made to my decision upon the complaint and charges of L. R. Glavis, filed with me on the 18th of last last, against Secretary Ballinger and certain other officials of the interior department. The majority of the committee have decided that my action in this matter was not within the jurisdiction of the committee to investigate. In spite of this ruling, references to the matter have been put into the Record. For this reason I think it proper to write you and state briefly such accuracy as my memory permits what the facts are.

Glavis' statements and charges were filed with me by him on August 18, 1909. I referred them over to the attorney general, who happened to be in the neighborhood, and he made notes upon his reading. We had a personal knowledge in respect to Secretary Ballinger's attitude toward the Alaska coal claims, which was the subject of inuendo and complaint. Mr. Ballinger had very early in the administration consulted us both in regard to them.

Within two or three days after the filing of the charges, in a meeting at which the secretary of the treasury, the attorney general and the secretary of the navy were present, a full discussion of the whole statement was had. It resulted in the general conclusion that jealousy between the bureaus of the interior department and the forestry bureau probably explained the attitude of the interior department officials, but that the intimation of bad faith by Glavis against Mr. Ballinger and the others required that the matter be submitted to them for answer. Accordingly, copies of the statement were sent to Secretary Ballinger, to Gifford Pierce, to Commissioner Dennett and to Chief of Field Service Schwartz.

Mr. Ballinger was at Seattle, but upon receipt of the charges he came to Washington to prepare his answer. On Monday, Sept. 6, Mr. Ballinger reached Beverly, accompanied by Mr. Lawler, the assistant attorney general of the department of justice assigned to the interior department. Mr. Ballinger sent to my room on that day the answers of the various persons concerned, together with a voluminous record of exhibits. I had a conference with him the evening of the day he came, September 6, and then on the following evening, September 7, I went over the charges with Mr. Ballinger the first evening and asked such questions as suggested themselves, without indicating any conclusion, and said that I

"THE INSECTS' HOMER"

n of Science and Literature Pay Tribute to Henri Fabre.

(New York World.

A little group of the greatest men in the world of science and literature traveled from all over Europe a few weeks ago to an obscure village in the south of France, where they sought out a humble house, and, hats in hand, paid homage to an aged man. The name of the man honored is Henri Fabre. He is 87 years old, and the world at large has never heard of him. Yet Darwin called him "the inimitable observer." Victor Hugo wrote of him as "the insects' Homer." Maeterlinck and Rostand have sung his praises. The world of science hails him as the greatest living authority on entomology; the world of literature hails him as a writer who has seen the romance of the life of insignificant creatures and written it in prose that is as fascinating as any poetry.

Henri Fabre has spent all his life studying the ways of insects. He knows what the katydid says when it sings in twilight, and why it repeats itself so frequently. He knows the constitution and laws of the ant republics and the hatcheries of the bees. He knows how the spider acquires the engineering skill which enables him to build his filmy web. The butterflies have told him the secrets of their lives, the mosquitoes the pangs of their thirst for gore. All the tiny creatures that fly and crawl are his bosom friends.

The naturalist has passed all his life in and around the little village of Serignan, in sunny Provence, unknown by all the world except the great students of nature and a few poets. He has one monument, his book, Souvenirs Entomologiques, which stands today as the most comprehensive, intimate, and beautiful picture of insect life that has ever been published.

SACRIFICE SAVES SISTER

Girl Gives Twelve Inches of Skin for Operation.

New York, May 14.—By giving 12 inches of her skin (a half inch wide), six inches from each thigh, to enable the Williamsburg hospital surgeons to perform a successful skin grafting operation, Annie Smith, 22 years old, saved her 9-year-old sister Winifred's life.

Both girls live at 348 Broadway, Williams burg. In a trolley collision two months ago Winifred sustained a deep wound in the right thigh which did not heal and gangrene developed. When Annie heard her sister's life could be saved only by the operation, she immediately volunteered.

Both girls will be able to leave the hospital within a fortnight.

SEES POOR IN PEACE

Roosevelt Visits Homes of Worn-Out Workers.

Berlin, May 13.—Mr. Roosevelt in company with Burgomaster Kirchner motored this morning to Buch, a suburb, where a colony of 1,500 worn-out workers, men and women, are maintained in relative comfort at the expense of the city of Berlin. The subject of public dependents is being pursued by the former President, who while in Denmark investigated a similar investigation. The public charges at Buch are made up of the aged, the infirm and those temporarily incapacitated for work. They are not only supported reasonably but in cases of sickness receive thorough medical treatment.

Returning to this city Mr. Roosevelt was the guest at luncheon of Ambassador Hill at the American embassy. Other guests were Count Zeppelin, Bernhard Dermburg, secretary of state for the colonies; Paul Breitenbach, minister of state and public works; Reinhold Sydow, minister of commerce; Herr Delbrueck, vice chancellor and minister of the interior; Herr Von Arnim-Kriewen, minister of agriculture; General Von Loewenfeld, commander of the Guards corps; Privy Councillor Goldberger, Prince Von Carolath-Beuthem, S. S. McClure, Lawrence F. Abbott, and several parliamentary leaders.

During the luncheon Mr. Roosevelt proposed a toast "to the health of his majesty, the German emperor, and the the future of the German people." At the reception which followed Mr. Roosevelt received a delegation from Interparliamentary Union, who were introduced by Prince Von Carolath-Beuthen. Replying to an address, presented him by the delegates, the former president said that the general demand for peace only excited the derision of practical men, but when peace was worked for by practical men such as the delegates, with definite aims and methods, the results were splendid in their fruits.

Professor Brant, president of the Shakespeare society, presented Mr. Roosevelt with a prachment creating the ex-president an honorary member of the society, which, the document stated, constituted "a close tie between Germany and the English-speaking world." Chancellor Von Bethmann-Hollweg joined the party soon afterwards, and held a private conversation with the colonel.

Late in the afternoon Mr. Roosevelt held a reception at the home of Lieutenant Comander Belknap, the American naval attache at Berlin, where he met many high officers of the German navy and military.

TROOPS COMBAT FIRES

Five Companies of Militia Try to Save Towns in Minnesota.

Bemidji, Minn., May 16.—Five companies of the Minnesota National Guard have been ordered out by Gov. Eberhard to fight a forest fire four miles wide which is advancing directly upon this town of 5000 inhabitants.

The governor has made the state forestry commissioner commander of the militia companies and they will work as volunteer firemen under his direction. In addition every able-bodied male resident of Memidji has been called to the fire lines, but in spite of the precautions taken it is feared only a heavy downpour can save the city unless the wind changes.

The residents on the outskirts of the town have their belongings packed and are ready for instant flight. The women of the city are gathered in the churches praying for rain and the safety of their homes.

Family Flees Five Days.

Calumet, Mich., May 16.—John B. Elving and his wife, with their month old baby and six other children, the elest of whom is 15 years, are being cared for in a temporary hospital at Grand Marais, Mich., following a heart breaking 30 mile trip through the flaming forest between that town and upper Brule lake. It took them five days to cover the distance, and they were alternately burned and frozen almost to death. Two of the smaller children were saved from drowning in the swift current of Brule river by the family's giant Newfoundland dog.

There has been no rainfall as yet to relieve the fire stricken districts of northern Michigan, and still further disasters are feared unless rain comes soon. Nothing but dry weather is forecast before Tuesday, however. The fire area in Houghton, Keweenaw, Ontonagon and Baraga counties is increasing daily. The flames are being fought in all parts of the district with backfires.

Freight Train Ablaze.

Marinette, Wis., May 16.—The forest fires throughout northern Wisconsin continue with unabated fury, and yesterday afternoon a freight train bound for this city city caught fire in a blazing belt of timber 40 miles north. The engineer succeeded in reaching Menominee, Mich., with all his cars ablaze, and the city fire department extinguished the flames.

The worst fires today were reported from the vicinity of Merrill, where the entire northern portion of Lincoln county is being swept. Large tracts of valuable standing timber are being destroyed and the villages of Dudley, Jeffries Junction, Parrish and Harrison are menaced by the flames.

At Parrish all the male inhabitants turned out and succeeded in diverting the path of the flames, temporarily at least, but unless rain falls soon grave fears are felt that the village will be destroyed.

High Priced Package Goods.

Portland Oregonian.

Food in fancy packages, instead of in bulk, is a contributing factor in the much discussed high cost of living problem. Mr. Palmer, the Massachusetts commissioner of weights and measures, has been investigating the question, and he finds, among other things, that sliced bacon, for which there is a large sale in jars at 60 cents a pound, can be purchased in bulk at 35 to 30 cents; rolled oats in packages are 7½ a pound and in bulk 3½ cents; cornmeal in packages 5½ cents, in bulk 2½c. Mr. Palmer found that rice partly cooked and sold in packages found plenty of buyers at 3½c a pound, while uncooked rice sold in bulk was obtainable at 8 cents a pound. Purveyors of these staples fully appreciate the value of fancy packages; but their use is undoubtedly costing the consumers a great many millions, which might be saved without causing any suffering or self-denial.

ROOSEVELT AS ENVOY

Taft Appoints Him Special Ambassador to King's Funeral.

BULLETIN.

Washington, May 11. — Theodore Roosevelt today accepted by cable the appointment by President Taft to be special ambassador to represent the United States at the funeral of King Edward in London, May 20. The cablegrams exchanged between the President and Colonel Roosevelt were not made public.

Staff for Special Ambassador.

Washington, May 13.—In order to afford Col. Roosevelt an adequate staff in his capacity as special ambassador at the funeral of the late King Edward VII., the state department has submitted to him by cable a list of names of several American army and naval officers who are now in Europe and available for that duty. While no final selection has been made, it is believed that Commander Andrew Long, the American naval attache at Vienna will represent the United States navy. Neither of the attaches of the London embassy is available as their services will be required as members of the staq of Ambassador Reid.

TAFT ALMOST SWAMPED

Pretty Girls Just Poured In on Him.

Washington, May 14. — There was a clash yesterday between the executive and legislative branches of the government and the executive came out second best, much to the discomfiture of Fred W. Carpenter, secretary to President Taft, and much to the annoyance of the latter, who had to revive the ancient custom of shaking hands in bunches.

Representative Moore, of Pennsylvania, who is president of the rivers and harbors congress and who hails from Philadelphia, was responsible for the clash and is not nearly so popular at the White House as he once was.

There was a woman at the bottom of it — or rather 260 women. They came down to Washington from the Philadelphia girls' high school and called upon Mr. Moore.

"We want to shake hands with President Taft," said the spokesman.

"Can't be done," said Mr. Moore, "he hasn't time to shake hands with so many people in one morning."

"But you're a congressman and can do anything," said the voice, which was enough for Representative Moore. He walked briskly into the White House yesterday, 260 young ladies of various degrees of prettiness and height and dress and other feminine attributes close behind. He went clear through the building to Carpenter's office. The girls stopped.

"Wait for the signal," he said.

"Hello, Carpenter, said Mr. Moore. "I want to see the president for just a minutes."

"All right," said the unsuspecting secretary, and Mr. Moore marched into the inner sanctum.

"How are you, Hampie?" cried Mr. Taft. "What can I do for you today?"

"I've got a few young ladies from Philadelphia — just a few, who want to shake hands with you."

"Bring them in," said the president.

So the 260 went in and shook hands, much to the amazement of Mr. Taft, who didn't expect more than a dozen at best, and much to the chagrin of Carpenter, who is supposed to put a stop to such waste of executive time and through whom all handshaking appointments are supposed to be made. Mr. Moore is going to headquarters hereafter.

ADOPT A NEW PLAN

Senators Break From Party Rank in Vote on Railroad Bill.

Washington, May 14.—By a sudden welding of supposedly irreconcilable factions, the senate yesterday, by a vote of 56 to 10, adopted a compromise amendment to the railroad bill for the regulation of relative charges for long and short hauls. The agreement was reached chiefly for the reason that each faction apparently thought it was getting the better of a shrewdly driven bargain. There are not wanting today senators who suggest that the supreme court may have to arbitrate the question as to which faction's judgment is right.

Before adjournment Senator Bacon sought to show that Senator Aldrich, the leader of the forces in charge of the bill, had voted for a provision different from that which he had advocated during the long debate on this question. He was affecting to quote from one of the Rhode Island senator's speeches when Senator Bailey interrupted, remarking that Mr. Bacon was mistaken and was quoting from his (Bailey's) remarks.

Senators Wax Sarcastic.

"I hope the senator from Texas will not interfere," said Mr. Aldrich, laughingly. "The senator is trying to justify his action in voting with me."

"That is the time I usually have to justify my vote," retorted Mr. Bacon.

While upbraiding regular Republicans for what he asserted was a change of front, Mr. Bacon was interrupted by Senator Elkins, whose ruddy face was wreathed in smiles, as he asked:

"Well, you're happy, aren't you?"

This raillery plainly irritated the Georgia senator, for he retorted rather sharply that it took "a very little thing to make some people happy."

"Maybe the senator will find that it is a big thing," said Senator Elkins, beaming across the chamber.

Significant glances passed between senators, and people on the floor and in the galleries began to suspect the compromise amendment that had just been adopted meant something different from what appeared upon its face.

Party Lines Broken.

The senators who voted in favor of the provision were:

Messrs. Aldrich, Bacon, Beveridge, Bradley, Brandeges, Briggs, Bristow, Brown, Burkett, Burnham, Burrows, Burton, Carter, Clapp, Clark (Ark.), Clay, Crane, Crawford, Cullom, Cummins, Curtis, Dillingham, Dixon, Dolliver, du Pont, Elkins, Flint, Frazier, Gamble, Guggenheim, Jones, Kean, La Follette, Lodge, Martin, Nelson, Nixon, Oliver, Owen, Page, Paynter, Penrose, Percy, Perkins, Piles, Purcell, Root, Shively, Simmons, Smith (S. C.), Smoot, Stephenson, Sutherland, Taylor, Warner and Wetmore—56.

The negative vote was as follows:

Bailey Bourne, Bulkley, Chamberlain, Fletcher, Frye, Gallinger, Heyburn, McEnery and Overman—10.

Neglected.

Dame Rumor—"Oh, what I know about you!"

Mrs. Grundy (eagerly)"—Cut it loose, my dear! Start something! Cry it from the housetops! Purvey the publicity to your heart's content!"

Dame Rumor—"Don't you care?"

Mrs. Grundy—"Care nothing! Why, people think so little of me nowadays that I really require the services of a bustling press agent to keep me from drifting into innocuous desuetude!

WOULD END FIGHT DOPE

Iowa Congressman Proposes Prohibitory Law Against Sport.

Washington, May 13.—A wholesale interdiction against the publication of descriptions and pictures of prize fights, which would apply to the coming Jeffries-Johnson mill, is proposed in a bill introduced yesterday by Representative Smith of Iowa.

The bill would make it unlawful "to send by mail or in any other manner from any state, territory, or the District of Columbia, to any other state, territory, or the District of Columbia, any picture or description of any prize fight or encounter of pugilists under whatever name, or any record or account of betting on the same."

The measure, which was referred to the interstate commerce committee, would penalize violations under a maximum of one year's imprisonment or $1,000 fine.

SEA FIGHTER IN WATER

Dreadnought Florida Is Launched at the New York Navy Yard.

New York, May 12.—The biggest ship in the American navy slid off the ways today at the New York navy yard, when the battleship Florida dropped into the water. Later on, when the Arkansas and the Wyoming, now under construction, are afloat, they will exceed the Florida in size by 3,000 tons, a difference sufficient to make a pretty good little liner in itself. The Florida herself is by no means finished, for as she went off the ways today she was only about 60 per cent advanced toward completion, which means that she was not much more than a vast empty hull and still awaits all of the thousand boilers and main and secondary engines and armor and equipment that go to make the ship ready for commission.

Probably there is not a battleship afloat that could tackle the Florida on even terms when her commander's flag flies from the ungraceful but formidable skeleton masts which will be placed upon her; that is, provided the naval designers do not change their minds, as to the utility of this novel feature of marine architecture within the next 18 months, by which time the Florida should be in commission.

Helps Form a Unit.

The ship is the first of any real importance to be constructed in a government navy yard for a number of years and naturally her performance will be watched with keen interest by the private shipbuilders, who are now building her sister-ship, the Utah, in Camden, N. J. As a matter of fact the North Dakota, built by the Fore River Ship Building Co., and the Delaware, constructed at Newport News, with the Florida and Utah will make what is described as a unit in naval parlance, meaning that these vessels are practically of the same type and may be expected to operate together in naval warfare. The North Dakota and the Delaware are nearly two thousand tons smaller than the other two vessels, though the armament is practically the same and the smallel vessels indeed are rated at about a quarter of a knot faster.

The Florida it 521 feet, 6 inches long, nearly as long as a city block; her beam is 88 feet 2½ inches; she draws 28½ feet of water and displaces 21,825 tons in light order, while when fully loaded, with her supplies and ammunition she will measure up to 23,033 tons. Her estimated speed is 20½ knots per hour, which would have been regarded a few years ago as the topnotch for a swift unarmored cruiser. She will carry 2,500 tons of coal in her bunkers which should enable her to make the round-trip across the Atlantic at half speed. Parsons turbine engines, built in the New York Navy Yard, of the enormous power of 28,000 horsepower will maintain the high speed of this big ship and the steam will be supplied by sectional boilers.

The main battery of the ship will consist of ten 12-inch rifles arranged in pairs in turrets. Looking at her bow-on one would think that the Florida had what is called superposed or double-decked turrets like the Kearsarge and the Kentucky, but as a matter of fact there are only two guns in each of the five turrets, and the second turret in the fore part of the ship is necessarily elevated on a superstructure so as to be able to fire freely over the top of the foremast turret. There is a very formidable secondary battery composed of 16 five-inch rapid firers, four three-pounders, two one-pounders and a number of machine guns. There are also two 21-inch submerged tubes for torpedoes.

Just what the armor is to be on these ships the naval designers will not tell. That marks the adoption of a new policy in the American navy where heretofore it has been customary to set out in smallest detail in the chief constructor's annual reports the thickness of every inch of armor on the ship. It is believed, though, that the side armor will average about 12 inches, and that it will be extended over a length of the ship heretofore uncovered, and will be much wider than the ordinary armor belt so as not to expose the under body of the ship when she rolls in a seawave.

It will take more than 1,000 men to manage this great fighting machine; the minimum requirement is 60 officers and 954 enlisted men. The estimated cost of the ship complete is $6,000,000 as fixed in the act of May 13, 1908. Her keel was laid March 9, 1909, so that the naval constructors have reason to be proud of the rapidity with which they have carried on their work.

Quincy, Mass., May 12.—That grim sea-fighter, Commodore Andrew Sterrett, would have swept the Mediterranean clean of Barbary pirates if he had had under his feet so speedy, yet so frail a craft as the torpedo boat destroyer which was given his name as she plunged down the launching ways today. But Commodore Sterrett died 107 years ago, in the days of the wooden frigate and the muzzle-loaders, and the navy department had difficulty in finding a direct descendant to smash the wine bottle and christen the boat with his name. This honor was given to Miss Dorothy Rosalie Gittings, of Baltimore.

When the Sterrett receives her equipment and takes on board a dozen or so of those long brass tubes it is a question of naval science whether she could deal a fatal blow to so formidable a fighter as the battleship Florida, also making her maiden plunge today. The Sterrett is expected to make 29½ knots an hour from the 600 revolutions each minute of her two turbine-driven screws. This vessel and her sisters are notable pioneers of new and enlarged type of ocean-going destroyers, planned to keep the sea with the battle fleet under all conditions.

SAYS INDIANS WERE RIGHT

Washington, May 16.—The threatened Indian uprising in New Mexico is over and all danger is averted. A report from Superintendent Crandall to the commissioner of Indian affairs, conveys the information that the Taos Pueblo Indians were well within their rights in cutting the fences of settlers, for the fences encroached on the Indian lands. The courts of the territory refused to prosecute the red men. The militia sent to the scene of the threatened uprising was turned back before traveling half the distance from Santa Fe.

ROOSEVELT SHOWS TREND OF WORLD

Points to Future Dangers, but Expresses His Full Faith in Progress.

Berlin, May 12.—Theodore Roosevelt, former President of the United States, delivered a lecture today on the topic, "The World Movement," at the University of Berlin and received from the university the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Emperor William honored the occasion with his presence. It was the first time that his majesty had attended a conferment, and the courtesy was significant in view of the fact that the German court was in mourning for the monarch's uncle, King Edward.

The ceremony of conferring the degree was staged and conducted with impressive simplicity. There were no flags or emblems of royalty and the government, and the walls of the Aula were bare, save for the rows of busts of Germany's famous scholars and scientists. The only touch of color was furnished by the senators of the university, with their robes of scarlet and blue and the five heads of the student corps, who wore blue jackets, white breeches, jack boots and parti-colored sashes.

Royal Family Present.

Four hundred guests of the University who held cards of admission were seated when Emperor William, accompanying Mr. Roosevelt, entered from a side door of the hall. As they appeared the University choir chanted "Heil Dir Siegarkranz." The two were followed by Empress Auguste Victoria, Princess Victoria Louise, Prince and Princess Eitel Frederick, Prince and Princess August Wilhelm, Prince Adalbert, Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Roosevelt and Kermit Roosevelt.

This party took seats which had been reserved for them on the platform. Surrounding them were seated American Ambassador Hill and Mrs. Hill, the other Ambassadors and their wives; Henry White, formerly American Ambassador to France, and Mrs. White; Seth Low and Mrs. Low; American Consul-General Thatchara; T. St. John Gaffney, American Consul-General at Dresden; Imperial Chancellor Von Bethmann-Hollweg; Foreign Minister Von Schoen and the members of the cabinet. On either side of this block of chairs were the senators of the University.

Has Guard of Honor.

Mr. Roosevelt occupied the seat at the reading desk and at his side stood the heads of the student corps with drawn swords. This striking guard of honor remained standing and almost immovable for the three hours of the lecture and ceremony. The auditorium was filled to its capacity of 1,200 persons by the faculty of the University, students and guests.

Rector Frich Schmidt opened the program by giving an outline of the life of Mr. Roosevelt from the time that he was a delicate child until he became an African nimrod. When he had finished this sketch he introduced the former president who was received most sympathetically.

Mr. Roosevelt apeared rugged and in the pink of physical condition. His voice husky at first, ganed steadily in clearness as he proceeded and he was able to deliver his complete written thesis of 9,000 words and to which he added extemporaneously from time to time by way of emphasis and explanation.

Compliments the Kaiser.

"Today I am in Berlin University," began the speaker. "Yesterday I was in the open air university of the German army, and sat at the foot of the master of that university."

Mr. Roosevelt said that the German emperor had often been held up before him as a statesman who was doing things which he, the speaker, should do. "I remember," he added, "that my friend Dr. Pritchett, then president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, at Boston, told me of the emperor's interest in and knowledge of technical education. While in Africa I used to think that there was something wrong with the mail if it din't bring a letter from Benjamin Ide Wheeler, telling me of his admiration of some feature of German life and of the emperor's extraordinary qualities and kindness."

During another digression from his set speech, and following his remarks concerning military virtues, the former president said: "I saw some of your German troops march before the commander-in-chief yesterday. I cannot understand how any German could look upon those soldiers without feeling a pride at the physical and intellectual character of those soldiers from the farm and shop, serving their time and then returning to their other work to be replaced by other and younger man. I can see only hope for the future with such men. I would like to speak of the men of the American civil war if I had the time and the voice."

Address Well Received.

Mr. Roosevelt then delivered his prepared address which was heartily applauded at many points. Dr. Roethe, dean of the faculty of philosophy, followed and concluded a discourse in German by addressing the former President in Lation. The dean caused a laugh among the senators when in his Latin effort he used a feminine gender for a masculine noun, and so furnished the only pleasantry of two hours and a half of oratory.

As Dr. Roethe handed the new doctor his diploma, the choir sang the German national hymn and the audience gave three cheers. The exercises were concluded with the singing of the Star Spangled Banner by the choir.

The Emperor took occasion to congratulate Mr. Roosevelt upon his lecture, and its delivery so courageously accomplished under distressing physical conditions. He talked with the former president for six or eight minutes. The assemblage waited until the Emperor and Mr. Roosevelt had left the hall.

Mr. Roosevelt stopped for a few moments of conversation with Baroness von Sternberg, widow of the former German Ambassador at Washington, and then left to have luncheon with Mr. and Mrs. Hill as the guest of Foreign Minister Von Schoen and Frau Von Schoen.

SHOWS GREAT COMPLEXITY OF MODERN CIVILIZATION

Mr. Roosevelt's address was in part as follows:

"The play of new forces is as evident in the moral and spiritual world as in the world of the mind and the body. Forces for good and forces for evil are everywhere evident, each acting with a hundred or a thousandfold the intensity with which it acted in former ages. Over the whole earth the swing of the pendulum grows more and more rapid, the mainspring coils and spreads at a rate constantly quickening; the whole world movement is of constantly accelerating velocity.

"In this movement there are signs of much that bodes ill. The machinery is so highly geared, the tension and strain are so great, the effort and the output have alike so increased, that there is cause to dread the ruin that would come from any great accident, from any breakdown, and also the ruin that may come from the mere wearing out of the machine itself. The only previous civilization with which our modern civilization can be in any way compared is that period of Graeco-Roman civilization extending, say, from the Athens of Themistocles to the Rome of Marcus Aurellus. Many of the forces and tendencies which were then at work are at work now. Knowledge, luxury and refinement, wide material conquests, territorial administration on a vast scale, an increase in the mastery of mechanical appliances and in applied science—all these mark our civilization as they marked the wonderful civilization that flourished in the Mediterranean lands 20 centuries ago; and they preceded the downfall of the older civilization. Yet the differences are many, and some of them are quite as striking as the similarities. The single fact that the old civilization was based upon slavery shows the chasm that separates the two. Let me point out one further and very significant difference in the development of the two civilizations, a difference so obvious that it is astonishing that it has not been dwelt upon by men of letters.

Danger in Soft Living.

"One of the prime dangers of civilization has always been its tendency to cause the loss of the virile fighting virtues, of the fighting edge. When men get too comfortable and lead too luxurious lives, there is always danger lest the softness eat like an acid into their manliness of fibre. The barbarian, because of the very conditions of his life, is forced to keep and develop certain hardy qualities which the man of civilization tends to lose, whether he be clerk, factory hand, merchant, or even a certain type of farmer. Now, I will not assert that in modern civilized society these tendencies have been wholly overcome; but there has been a much more successful effort to overcome them than was the case in the early civilization.

"What is the lesson to us today? Are we to go the way of the older civilizations? The immense increase in the area of civilized activity today, so that is nearly coterminous with the world's surface; the immense increase in the multitudinous variety of its activities; the immense increase in the velocity of the world movement—are all these to mean merely that the crash will be all the more complete and terrible when it comes. We cannot be certain that the answer will be in the negative? But of this we can be certain, that we shall not go down in ruin unless we deserve and earn our end. There is no necessity for us to fall; we can hew out our destiny for ourselves, if only we have the wit and the courage and the honesty.

"Personally, I do not believe that our civilization will fall. I think that, on the whole, we have grown better and not worse. I think that, on the whole, the future holds more for us than even the great past has held. But, assuredly, the dreams of golden glory in the future will not come true unless, high of heart and strong of hand, by our own mighty deeds we make them come true. We cannot afford to develop any one set of qualities, any one set of activities, at the cost of seeing others, equally necessary, atrophied. Neither the military efficiency of the Mongol, the extraordinary business ability of the Phoenician, nor the subtle and polished intellect of the Greek availed to avert destruction.

Need Varied Qualities.

"We, the men of today and of the future, need many qualities if we are to do our work well. We need, first of all and most important of all, the qualities which stand at the base of individual, of family life, the fundamental and essential qualities—the homely, every-day, all-important virtues. If the average man will not work, if he has not in him the will and the power to be a good husband and father; if the average woman is not a good housewife, a good mother of many healthy children, then the state will topple, will go down, no matter what may be its brilliance of artistic development or material achievement. But these homely qualities are not enough. There must, in addition, be that power of organization, that power of working in common for a common end, which the German people have shown in such signal fashion during the last half century. Moreover, the things of the spirit are even more important than the things of the body. We can well do without the hard intolerance and arid intellectual barrenness of what was worst in the theological systems of the past, but there has never been greater need of a high and fine religious spirit than at the present time. So, while we can laugh good-humoredly at some of the pretensions of modern philosophy in its various branches, it would be worse than folly on our part to ignore our need of intellectual leadership. Your own great Frederick once said that if he wished to punish a province he would leave it to be governed by philosophers; the sneer had in it an element of justice; and yet no one better than the great Frederick knew the value of philosophers, the value of men of science, men of letters, men of art.

Value in Idealism.

"It would be a bad thing indeed to accept Tolstoy as a guide in social and moral matters; but it would also be a bad thing not to have Tolstoy, not to profit by the lofty side of his teachings. There are plenty of scientific men whose arrogance, whose cynical materialism, whose dogmatic intolerance put them on a level with the bigoted medieval ecclesiastician, which they denounce. Yet our debt to scientific men is incalculable, and our civilization of today would have reft from it all that which most highly distinguishes it if the work of the great masters of science during the past four centuries were now undone or forgotten. Never has philanthropy, humanitarianism, seen such development as now; and though we must all beware of the folly, and the viciousness no worse than folly, which marks the believer in the perfectibility of man when his heart runs away with his head, or when vanity usurps the place of conscience, yet we must remember, also, that it is only by working along the lines laid down by the philanthropists, by the lovers of mankind, that we can be sure of lifting our civilization to a higher and more permanent plane of well-being than was ever attained by any preceding civilization. Unjust war is to be abhorred; but woe to the nation that does not make ready to hold its own, in time of need, against all who would harm it; and woe thrice over to the nation in which the average man loses the fighting edge, loses the power to serve as a soldier if the day of need should arise.

"It is no imposible dream to build up a civilization in which morality, ethical development, and a true feeling of brotherhood shall all alike be divorced from false sentimentality, and from the rancorous and evil passions which, curiously enough, so often accompany professions of sentimental attachment to the rights of man; in which a high material development in the things of the body shall be achieved without subordination of the things of the soul; in which there shall be a genuine desire for peace and justice without loss of those virile qualities without which no love of peace or justice shall avail any race; in which the fullest development of scientific research, the great distinguishing feature of our present civilization, shall yet not imply a belief that intellect can ever take the place of character—for, from the standpoint of the nation, as of the individual, it is character that is the one vital possession.

World Knits Together.

"Finally, this world movement of civilization, this movement which is now felt throbbing in every corner of the globe, should bind the nations of the world together while yet leaving unimpaired that love of country in the individual citizen which in the present stage of the world's progress is essential to the world's well-being. You, my hearers, and I who speak to you, belong to different nations. Under modern conditions the books we read, the news sent by telegraph to our newspapers, the strangers we meet, half of the things we hear and do each day, all tend to bring us into touch with other peoples. Each people can do justice to itself only if it does justice to others; but each people can do its part in the world movement for all only if it first does its duty within its own household. The good citizen must be a good citizen of his own country first before he can with advantage be a citizen of the world at large. I wish you well. I believe in you and your future. I admire and wonder at the extraordinary greatness and variety of your achievements in so many and such widely different fields; and my admiration and regard are all the greater, and not the less, because I am so profound a believer in the institutions and the people of my own land."

OLD NEWPORT LANDMARK

House Famous in Its Day for Its Parties and Game Suppers.

In the march of progress one of the old landmarks of Newport, a house on State street, at the foot of Downing street, has just been torn down to make way for a new hotel. The house will be well remembered by those who spent their summers at Newport as far back as 1850.

It was built prior to 1770 on a terrace between De Jongh's house, now owner by former Governor Garretson. It was moved to the site on State street about the year 1846, and after having exchanged hands many times it was bought by the late George T. Downing, in September, 1850.

It was known as the Frye house until Mr. Downing gave it the name of Yacht house, after he had remodeled it to adapt it to carrying on his business. Among those who patronized him were members of such old Newport families as the Costers, Belmonts, LeRoys, Wetmores, Gen. Schuyler Hamilton, the Russells, Rays and a great many southern people who spent most of their time there while in Newport.

The place was famous for parties and game suppers, and many a time at 1 o'clock in the morning there would be a hundred brace of woodcock on the fires. Mr. Downing had specially built ranges for this service. Some of his patrons would vie with one another to see who would have the best suppers. An amusing incident was that between young Mr. Coster and Mr. Pepper, who were paying their respects to the same lady.

There was a feeling of rivalry to see who could give the beest supper. One night Coster would invite all the ladies and gentlemen of the summer colony, except Mr. Pepper. The next day Pepper would ask Downing to prepare a supper to surpass the one of the previous night and would invite the same company, except Coster.

This was kept up for two weeks, when at last Mr. Pepper urged Downing to beat any supper that had been given. When the supper room was thrown open to the guests it was banked with ferns and rare flowers and from a recess behind a mass of roses the full Germania band played delightful music. This won the palm for Pepper as a a host.

Three Million Dope Fiends.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

It is hard to believe that the government officials are correct when they announce that there are three millions of so-called dope fiends in this country—that is to say, victims of some of the deadly drugs which most people know only by name. Cocaine, morphine and other such devastating drugs are being used in enlarged quantities, and recent events in this city show how widespread their use is becoming. Here is a chance to do some reform in a vigorous way. There seems to be enough law on the subject if it is vigorously enforced, but it is not true that punishment is now severe enough. The use of these drugs can be suppressed only by maintaining a strict control of the sale of them. The worst feature of them all is that they are so insidious. It is a long time before the victim is known and then it is apt to be too late. It does seem as if the federal government and the states could work together so as to make it impossible for unlawful dispensers to get a supply. When a man has acquired a desire for these drugs he will make almost any sacrifice to secure them. Alcohol at its worst is a simple matter compared with cocaine and other "dopes."

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KING'S BODY IN STATE

Is Borne Through London Streets While Royal Relatives Follow on Foot.

London, May 17.—The body of King Edward VII, the peace-maker, was taken with stately pomp this morning from Buckingham palace on the first stage of the journey to the grave, and now lies in state in Westminster hall, where hundreds of thousands will pay a last tribute to the dead monarch before the final progress through the streets of the capital on Friday.

Theodore Roosevelt, special American ambassador, did not participate in the ceremony. In company with Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Roosevelt, Kermit, Ambassador Reid and Mrs. Reid, he witnessed the procession from a house in Carlton House terrace.

The procession from Buckingham palace to Westminster Hall passed through doubled lines of red coated soldiers flanked with rows of stalwart policemen and a mass of silent, black-garbed humanity. The buildings along the route were heavily draped with mourning. The German and other embassies in Carlton house terrace were covered with funereal palls of black and purple relieved occasionally by green wreaths and bouquets of white lillies.

Guns Boom and Bell Tolls.

The first intimation that the crowd, which had been waiting for hours, heard the approach of the funeral cortege was the booming of the first of 68 minute guns which were fired at St. James' park, followed by the tolling of "Big Ben" the great clock in the tower of the house of commons, which heretofore has been heard only as it struck the hours, and the roll of muffled drums.

Then a guardsman with sword reversed came down The Mall at measured tread, two other guardsmen following close behind. Then came the officers of the headquarters staff, the Army Council and the Board of Admiralty. As these appeared the troops came to a half salute with reversed guns and remained thus until Field Marshals Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener of Khartum, the admirals of the fleet, the Indian orderly officers in black uniforms and the aides-de-camp of the late king passed.

As the gun carriage on which the casket was borne approached the order "rest on your arms" was given sharply. With heads bowed the soldiers kept their eyes on the ground while the body of their late king passed by, coming to attention again for the royal standard, which was carried immediately behind the casket and in front of King George, who, like the officers and other members of royalty, was afoot.

Little Princes March.

The Duke of Cornwall and Prince Albert, two little figures in the natty uniforms of naval cadets, followed their father. King Frederick, of Denmark and King Haakon, of Norway, with the Duke of Connaught between them came next, and then followed the other members of the British and foreign royal families in gorgeous uniforms, the only touch of morning being the black bands on the sleeves of their coats. An array of officers of the late king's household, came next nearly all of them in bright uniforms, but a few of them in mourning dress.

The greatest interest of the crowd was aroused at the approach of the first carriage, for in this rode the queen mother, Alexandra, to whom the hearts of all Britishers have gone out during the past week. Her majesty, wearing the deepest mourning, had lifted her veil and the people reverently raised their hats to the pathetic figure who even in the hour of her great grief acknowledged the silent testimony of sympathy by bowing repeatedly. The queen mother was accompanied by her sister, the Dowager Empress Marie of Russia, and by her daughter, the Princess Royal and Princess Victoria.

Queen Mary occupied the second state carriage, having for the occasion surrendered the first place to which as queen she was entitled. Her majesty was preceded by the sovereign's escort, the only mounted troops participating with the exception a few stationed along the route. The queen was accompanied by her daughter, Princess Mary and Prince Henry, her eldest son. Seven other state carriages gold bedecked, and drawn by heavily caparisoned horses carried the ladies of the royal families and the suites of the queen mother and the queen.

Arrived at the palace yard of Westminister, where a dense throng had gathered, the gun carriage stopped, the palls were removed and the bearer company composed of life guards, lifted the casket and carried it into the hall.

Massed Bands Play.

The dominating characteristic of the procession was the impressive simplicity. There were 12,000 troops, foot and mounted, and 1,000 sailors along the route, but in the procession itself the largest body of uniformed men was the massed bands of the guards regiments, numbering 250, under Lieutenant Morgan, the senior band master of the British army, which played funeral marches. Upon leaving Buckingham palace, a corps of 60 drums played a special introduction, at the conclusion of which the massed bands took up Beethoven's funeral march. The most striking feature of the music was provided by a body of 40 pipers, who struck up Flowers of the Forest, as the procession passed Marlborough house, the music bringing tears to the eyes of many in the great crowd. During the Horse Guards' parade the bands played Chopin's Marche Funebre, and as the procession approached Westminster Hall the strains of Handel's Dead March from Saul, were heard.

It was a gloomy morning, clouds hiding the sun, in striking contrast with the brightness of the past few days. The spectacle at Westminster hall during the brief service when the casket was deposited there was a solemn and moving picture of deep contrasts. The casket rested high on the purple catafalque in the center of the hall covered with a white and gold-embroidered pall and draped with the royal ensign. Upon the ensign at the head were placed the jeweled crown, the orb and sceptre.

The service occupied only half an hour. The Archbishop of Canterbury standing at the head of the casket, recited the Lord's prayer, which was repeated by the whole congregation. The archbishop then read the 23d Psalm, and the Dean of Westminster read the scriptural lesson from St. John, the 5th chapter, 24th and 25th verses. At the conclusion of the reading the choir chanted a brief anthem, and the archbishop offered prayer.

FIGHT FREIGHT RATES

Shippers Meet to Oppose Increase.

Chicago, May 17.—Vigorously opposing the proposed advance in freight rates which carriers in Official Classification Territory and Western Trunk Line Territory have decided to make, shippers from all sections of the country gathered in conference here today at one of the largest meetings of shippers assembled in years.

The conference was called to order by W. H. Burn, vice president of the Illinois Manufacturers' association, under whose auspices the meeting is being held. A letter from Martin B. Madden, congressman from the first district of Illinois, explaining the provisions of the bill amending the Hepburn act was read. A communication from Ohio C. Barber, chairman of the board of directors of the Diamond Match Co., urging united action, was also read.

Among those who addressed the conference were: William D. Haynie, counsel for the Illinois Manufacturers' association; H. C. Barlow, of the Chicago Association of Commerce; E. E. Williamson, of the Cincinnati Receivers and Shippers' association; C. B. Gregory, of the Manufacturers and Shippers' association, of Rockford, Ill.; O. F. Bell, of the Crane Co., Chicago; A. R. Ebi, of Deere & Co., Moline, Ill.; W. J. Evans, of the National Association of Implement and Vehicle Manufacturers, P. M. Hansen, of St. Louis, C. L. Lingo, of Indiana Harbor, Ind., F. T. Bentley, of Chicago, and C. T. Bradford, of Chicago.

All of the speakers declared the rates on many articles are already too high and that the carirers are wrong in their contention that higher rates are necessary to meet increased operating expenses.

LEAPS TO HIS DEATH

Chicago Business Man Hurls Himself to Inner Court of Commerce Building.

Chicago, May 17.—John A. Ryerson, president of the Ideal Electric Co., and former western tennis champion, plunged head foremost from the 13th floor of the Chamber of Commerce Building at 6:10 p. m., yesterday and met death on the marble floor of the inner court. He is believed to have committed suicide.

Ryerson had been seen by an employe for half an hour before the leap acting in a strange manner near the spot where he went over the railing and this, together with the fact that his recent venture venture into the automobile manufacturing business weighed heavily upon his mind, is accepted in port of the suicide theory. Mr. Ryerson was the third man to select the Chamber of Commerce Building as a place for death since the building was erected.

When the body struck before the hirrified gaze of a few men hurrying through the corridor no one was able to identify the crushed form. The police took the body to an undertaking parlor on Wabash avenue, where identification was established from papers in the pockets.

Mr. Ryerson was last seen alive on the thirteenth floor by John Willman, 612 North May street, and E. J. Fucik, 1622 South Sawyer avenue. Fucik was just leaving the office where he is employed when he saw the body of Mr. Ryerson slide over the railing into space and the next moment he heard the impact as it struck the marble floor.

The railing on the thirteenth floor of the building is high enough to reach considerably above the waist of a man of Mr. Ryerson's height, so it would be practically impossible for a man to stand on the floor and fall over the top accidentally or in a faint. Ryerson fell from the northwest corner of the court, the body apparently going straight down without turning over.

Mr. Ryerson had attained considerable fame in American tennis circles. He was western champion in 1890-91-92. He was also a member of the Quadrangle, Onwentsia and University clubs.

MICHIGAN TALK HURTS

Bryan Democrats Say Harmon Boom Is Slap at Nebraskan.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Washington, May 17.—A good deal of derision greeted a report printed here this morning that the united Democracy of Michigan would support Gov. Harmon, of Ohio, for president in 1912, should Harmon be re-elected governor again. The Bryan Democrats say that Harmon can have Michigan's support if he wants it. They concede that the Democrats cannot possibly make gains in Michigan, even in this year, when the Democrats are looking to carrying the house. The Michigan delegation is now solidly Republican. One district, the First, has been Republican for three congresses, though it was Democratic before that.

The Michigan Democrats are sore at Bryan, and the move looking to the endorsement of Harmon is taken as a slap at the Nebraskan. The Bryan men in congress say that theis endorsement will do more to hurt Harmon than to help him, for the reason that wherever Bryan is strong in the west Harmon will lose, this Michigan action tending to drive away any western support from Harmon. The dispatch printed here says that the endorsement was decided upon at a conference of National Committeeman Wood and leading Democrats in the state.

FISHERMEN RAISE ROW

Declare Officers of Cruiser New York Abused Them.

Toulon, France, May 17.—The crew of a fishing boat which was engaged early today to take two officers of the American cruiser New York from shore to their ship, later lodged complaint with the police, alleging illtreatment at the hands of certain officers and men of the cruiser. The American consular agent, Francis M. Mansfield, has been notified.

The fishermen charge that when one of their number went aboard the New York to collect the fare of their two passengers he became involved in a dispute, during which the officers cruelly beat him, while sailors of the warship threw pails of hot water upon his companions in the boat.

Receipt That Cures Weak Men -- Free

Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that cured my own worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3958 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

WAS SERVING NATION

Kerby Tells Why Secrets Were Divulged.

Washington, May 17.—Frederick M. Kerby, whom Secretary Ballinger discharged yesterday for publishing confidential information of the department on the stand today before the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation committee, undertook to justify his action as the fulfilment of a public duty outweighing the loyalty he owned to Mr. Ballinger.

Self-possed and complaint, Kerby underwent the ordeal to which the Republican members of the committee subjected him. He insisted that there was no impropriety in what he had done, declaring that if Secretary Ballinger had responded to the call of Mr. Brandeis for the "Lawler memorandum" it would have been necessary for him to take the course he did to get the information before the committee.

Kerby said his former chief, ex-secretary Garfield, had told him at Gifford Pinchot's home in this city last February that it was his duty to tell the facts if he was called upon to do so. It was upon that occasion, he said, that he had first told Garfield and Pinchot of the memorandum in the presence of Attorney Brandeis, to whom he had later mentioned that he knew it to be Mr. Ballinger's purpose to supplant Director Newell of the reclamation service with R. H. Thomas of Seattle.

When the first call for the memorandum came to the department, Kerby said, Stenographer Massey, who also assisted Assistant Attorney eGneral Lawler in preparing his memorandum for the President, said to Private Secretary Carr:

"You know what that means, don't you?"

Carr's reply, according to Kerby was: "Yes, but they'll have a hard time getting it."

The name of Hugh A. Brown, private secretary to Director of the Census Durand, who formerly served Secretary Garfield in the same capacity, was brought into the inquiry today.

Kerby said he had mentioned to Brown soon after the publication of the President's letter exonerating Ballinger and dismissing Glavis, "that we practically wrote it in the secretary's office." He said he told Brown in confidence, but the later mentioned it to Garfield.

Kerby declined to agre with Senator Sutherland that he was a "cautious patriot" in making sure of a new job before he risked losing his old one.

Senator Root was particularly bitter in his questioning of the witness. "Do you think it was a reputable transaction?" he demanded, "to go to persons unfriendly to your superior, with confidential information of his department?"

"I did, under the circumstances," replied Kerby. "The country had the right to any facts my superior had before him."

The striking thing about Kerby's testimony was his evident conviction that his action, which the Republican members of the committee were by inference impugning, was absolutely right, and fully justified in the interest of the people.

HYDE STUDIES IN JAIL

Convicted Murderer Will Keep Up With Medical Science.

Kansas City, May 17.—While Dr. B. C. Hyde, who was convicted here yesterday of the murder of Col. Thomas H. Swope, is in jail he is not going to permit his medical mind to become rusty. Today the physician had one of his attorneys bring him a score of text books from his office. He will study them regularly each day, he says.

Professional associates of Dr. Hyde are not surprised at his studying in jail. He was known among the physicians as a serious student and was well abreast of the times in medicine and surgery. It was largely in recognition of his ability, it is said, that he was elected president of the Jackson county Medical society last fall.

Hyde has become popular with the prisoners at the jail. He is an honorary member of the "mock court" by virtue of having paid a dollar initiation fee when the regular cost is but 50 cents. The doctor also plays cards with the inmates.

LOSES FAITH IN HUMANITY

Cleveland Workhouse Chaplain Quits Efforts to Reform Prisoners.

Cleveland, May 17. — After three years' ministry, Frank Ward, chaplain of the Cleveland workhouse, has resigned, convinced that all his efforts to reform the city's prisoners were futile.

In a statement explaining his resignation, the Rev. Mr. Ward declared that he had lost courage when he saw his charges come back again and again after they had made fervent protestations of reformation and a desire to lead a better life.

"I feel," he said, "that it is best that a man should take up the work who has more belief in the goodness of the men than I."

KEEPS DR. COOK'S SECRET

Sister-in-Law Won't Tell Where Explorer Is.

New York, May 17.—"Yes, Dr. Cook is back—that is, he and his wife are in this country—but I won't say where he is and there's no use trying to make me tell."

Mrs. William L. Cook, a sister-in-law, of the Brooklyn explorer, thus replied today when asked where the doctor could be found. Mrs. Cook refused to discuss the report that Dr. and Mrs. Cook are preparing to depart within a fortnight for Europe to make their home there.

R. M. Vandorn, of 230 W. 97th street, who used to know Dr. Cook well, said he saw him in Smith street, Brooklyn, last Tuesday. He is positive he was not mistaken in the identification.

CHINKS CUT OFF QUEUES

Have Grouch at Dynasty and Thus Express Anger.

Peking, May 17.—Reports from Nanking, the capital of the province of Kiang-Su, tell of serious evidences of unrest among the Chinese. The natives are cutting off their queues, an action which constitutes an anti-dynastic demonstration.

CAPTURE ESCAPED CONVICT

Fred J. Connors Arrested in St. Louis After Weeks of Liberty.

Columbus, May 17.—Fred J. Conners, the daring safe blower from Clark county, who escaped from the penitentiary, February 10, by climbing over the west wall of the prison with William Williams, who was later caught at Hilliards, was recaptured in St. Louis Sunday night. Deputy Warden Zuder has been sent to bring him back.

Conners was serving a 15-year sentence, which he began in 1908, when he escaped from the Ohio penitentiary.

A Mother's Love

wisely directed, will cause her to give to her little ones only the most wholesome and beneficial remedies and only when actually needed, and the well-informed mother uses only the pleasant and gentle laxative remedy—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—when a laxative is required, as it is wholly free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

FEAR THE LIONS ARE LOOSE

Crowd Scatters in Panic When Policeman's Horse Prances.

New York, May 17.—A mistaken cry of "The lion's loose!" threw a circus crowd of women and children into a frenzy of panic at Newark, N. J., this afternoon, and in the pell mell rush seven children were badly crushed; one man fell in a fit at the feet of a woman and his shoulder was dislocated, and one little girl had her jaw broken.

The panic occurred outside the circus tent during the parade. Because of the size of the circus—one of the largest in the country, the streets were packed with sightseers. Suddenly the band struck up. A mounted policeman's horse took fright and bolted straight for the thick crowd. Before he could get it under control somebody shouted, "A lion's loose!" and the crowd went mad with fright.

Adults and children rushed for the nearest point of safety, upsetting baby carriages and trampling on the babies in their charge. A near by grocer's shop was wrecked. The windows were broken, the counters overturned and the floor covered with spoiled goods.

CHINA TO INVEST BILLION

United States Will Get a Large Share of This Amount.

Washington, D. C., May 17.—China, through the combined efforts of the prince regent and his brother, Prince Tsai Tao, who sailed from New York Saturday for Europe, will invest heavily in foreign securities. Details of this world wide campaign will be worked out in Europe between John Pierpont Morgan and Lord Li Ching Mai, China's most influential diplomat.

The parties so far interested are the representatives of the Morgan banks, the International Banking corporation, the Banque de l'Indo-Chine, the Deutsche Asiatiscke bank, and Wu Tingfang, former minister to the United States; Lord Li, son of the late Li Hung Chang, father of the "Greater China" movement; Minister Chiang Yin Tang, and a member of the Wai-Wu-Pu, to be selected in a few days and sent to this country representing the empire.

The Peking Gazette, China's official organ, is authority for the statement that the empire is to be ready soon to consider the establishment of a sinking fund to be allotted to the purchase of foreign securities. This will be divided into governmental and industrial bonds.

The money thus sent out of China will be borrowed at a profit, on the basis that no foreign securities will be purchasable unless they yield 5 per cent, and that no future issue of Chinese government bonds shall pay more than 4 per cent.

The financial scale will be adjusted to precision by a staff of competent bankers, mostly to be placed in the service of China by American and British banking syndicates. The sum involved, according to governmental figures, will be in excess of $1,000,000,000. There are many industrial securities in America and Europe which the Chinese officials regard as available for investment.

Financial experts believe China by proper investment can clear between $20,000,000 and $40,000,000 a year in interest based upon the flotation of the $1,000,000,000. Computation shows that the expense to China in maintaining a staff of experts to supervise this financial movement will not exceed 10 per cent of the net gains yearly.

State Department Clearing House.

Lord Li, who was in Washington last week and acted as diplomatic adviser to Prince Tsai, is particularly active in engineering this innovation. He is well known by and an admirer of John Pierpont Morgan. As the Chinese government understands it, Mr. Morgan and his lieutenants not merely act as individuals but largely as representing America. China is not disposed to rely wholly upon individuals, and unless she can draw upon the good will of the whole nation she would rather not act.

This is understood in Washington as bringing the loans largely under the direction of the state department.

NO OPTICIAN LICENSE

Governor Vetoes Bill Creating State Board.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Columbus, O., May 17.—Governor Harmon vetoed the Dean optometry bill today, principally because it proposes to set up a board composed of men who have not had thorough and careful training in physiology of the eye, etc., to examine for license others, upon these matters.

The governor signed 32 bills, among them the Baker manicure license bill, the Patterson bill for a commission on employers' liability, the Phare bill relating to employment of messengers, the Tod Bond registry bill, the Cameron bill preventing the adulteration of turpentine, the Williams bill regarding weight and measures, the Beatty bill to prevent circulation of false statements concerning banks, the Moritz kidnapping bill, the Geiecrd bill providing for the compensation of Prosecutor Wachenheimer of Lucas county, the Reed bill for the maintenance of Fort Meigs, and the Phare bill permitting insurance companies to buy mortgages on land on whose use there are deed restrictions.

HONORED BY ARGENTINA

General Wood Represents the American Nation.

Buenos Ayres, May 17.—Major General Leonard Wood, chief of staff of the United States army, who has been sent by his government as its representative at the centennial celebration of Argentina, arrived here yesterday on the armored cruiser Montana, flagship of Rear Admiral Staunton, who is in command of the special service squadron. The other American warships coming for the celebration are the armored cruisers Tennessee, South Dakota, North Carolina and the scout cruiser Chester. General Wood was met by Charles H. Sherrill, American minister, and the staff of the legation, and was formally welcomed to Argentina by a number of high functionaries of the government. The American vessels will remain at the military port of Bahia Blanca.

President Alcorta received General Wood and Minister Sherrill at the government palace and presented them to the members of his cabinet and the officers of the exposition. The reception lasted for two hours, the Americans much of the time being in conversation with the national executive. When General Wood and Minister Sherrill entered the palace they were acclaimed by a great crowd massed at the approach. A battalion of infantry and a regiment of grenadiers assembled in their honor, presented arms as the visitors passed, and the band played The Star Spangled Banner.

Minister Sherrill last night gave a reception at the legation in honor of the visitors who will take part in the celebrations, his guests including also the South American diplomatic representatives and prominent politicians, business men and educators of the Argentine Republic.

MOVE TO QUASH INDICTMENTS

Special Telegram to The Blade.

San Francisco, May 17.—Setting forth that Francis J. Heney was without authority to represent the people before the grand jury; that the grand jury was illegally constituted; that the testimony was insufficient to convict, and that the indictments do not specifically set forth the date upon which the alleged crime was committed, Attorney W. W. Kaufman this morning filed in Judge Lawler's court a voluminous motion to set aside the indictments charging A. K. Detwiler with bribery of the Schmitz board of supervisors. Argument on the motion was set for next Friday, May 20, at 10 o'clock.

Kaufman's motion, a document of 14 typewritten pages, devotes itself chiefly to the attack upon Henry's qualifications. The attorney alleges that Henry, acting as special prosecutor under District Attorney Langdon, held at the same time an office of profit under the United States government, that he expressed opinion in the grand jury room on questions of fact, relative to the charges against Detwiler, intended to influence the grand jurors; that Henry controlled the presentation of the charges.

Kaufman holds therefore that the indictments are void. He further sets forth that the names of all the witnesses are not appended to the documents, and declares also that the indictments were had on unsworn testimony obtained other than at the sessions of the grand jury.

Kaufman this morning put Assistant U. S. Attorney Black upon the stand to show that all of the correspondence between the U. S. attorney general and the local federal officials relative to the appointment of Heney, and the emoluments received by him, are in possession of the federal office here and cannot be brought into court and that certified copies will have to be introduced.

CHOKED BY HIS COAT TAIL

Wrapped Around Man's Neck by Whirling Shaft.

Hartford City, Ind., May 17.—Winfield S. Fowler, who came prospecting to the Indiana oil fields from Virginia two years ago, was standing alone near his pump. He wore a long overall coat, buttoned tightly at the throat. A whirling shaft caught the tail of the coat, ripped it up the back to the neck band and garroted him. He was dead when released.

FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

Encouraging Because Crops Look Good, Says Clews.

Henry Clews in his weekly financial review says:

The stock market has had a number of adverse influences against which to contend. The disturbed political outlook, the frequent legislative attacks upon capital, the prospect of tariff revision, the tobacco and oil cases before the supreme court, the death of King Edward, the constitutional crisis in England, the increase of from $50,000,000 to $100,000,000 in railroad wages, the high cost of commodities, the unfavorable balance in our foreign trade, the rapid multiplication of new securities, the growing conservatism among bankers at the west, the land boom in that section of the country, the curtailment of pig iron production and the shutting down of cotton mills. It should be recognized, however, that depressing conditions of this sort have probably exerted their full effect, and that other and more favorable factors are counteracting them. A sharp decline in exchange emphasized the fact that gold shipments are over.

The outlook in this country depends chiefly upon the crops. Thus far the outlook in this respect is satisfactory. Some damage was done by recent unfavorable weather, but only in spots, and the injury was much exaggerated. Should the results of the crops reach $8,500,000,000 to $9,000,000,000, as is now predicted, good times for the United States will be continued. It is true that western bankers show a more conservative spirit than was anticipated a month ago, and somewhat higher rates of money are expected to prevail at the west in consequence. Nevertheless, money will be fairly abundant and easy until the new crops begin to move, which will be about September 1. The discouraging influences which attracted so much attention in the public mind have been amply discounted by our financial leaders who foresaw their approach some weeks ago and adjusted themselves accordingly.

Business is generally quiet; declining commodity markets having caused more or less hesitancy among buyers. A period of rest in commercial circles will prove beneficial, inasmuch as it will avert the danger of overconfidence, and enable all parties to accure a clearer and more correct perspective of the general situation. The country has been going ahead at tremendous speed, too fast in some respects, and time is desirable so that the laggards may have an opportunity of catching up. Should the crop outlook continue satisfactry, business is sure to revive later on and there is as yet no reason for talking any but a hopeful view regarding the future.

BOMBARD OLD NAVAL RAM

Experts Hurl Shells at the Katahdin in Potomac River.

Washington, May 17.—A bit of naval warfare took place yesterday on the Potomac river at Indian Head, Va., when the old United States navy ram Katahdin, which was stricken from the navy list last year, received her baptism of fire. It was not the fire of an enemy, but it was aimed at her with every intention of sinking her, if possible.

Having outlived her usefulness, the vessel was clothed in modern 12-inch high grade armor plate and a dozen ordinance experts directed the attack on her with the new soft nose naval shell, hurled through a 12-inch gun.

The naval department conducted the experiment with all possible secrecy and it is doubtful if accurate information can be had as to the outcome.

ALL TAKE COMET PILLS

They Make Haiti Negroes Perfectly Safe.

New York, May 17.—Whatever the comet may do or whatever it may not do to this long suffering old earth of ours, the negroes of Port au Prince, Haiti, are prepared.

Whether the tail of the comet sweeps the earth tomorrow or not; whether it proves loaded with cyanogen gas, or is indeed "the airiest approach to nothing set in the midst of naught," the privileged of Port au Prince are confident that they shall go unscathed. They know they are safe because they are well packed with comet pills.

Comet pills are new to the pharmacopeia. Word of their appearance arrived by the Hamburg-American liner Allegany, in from Port au Prince yesterday. Her officers said that all the negro stevedores there, all the farmers round about, the servants, laborers, merchants, beggarmen and thieves are rushing pell-mell to the hut of a shrewd old voodoo doctor just outside the city, who is selling comet pills faster than he can make them.

The prescription is one pill for every hour up to the time the comet begins to recede from the earth, but many patients are making safety doubly sure by taking one pill every half hour. The comet doctor guards his formula closely and is growing rich faster than Col. Mulberry Sellers in his wildest dreams.

GANG GETS ITS VICTIM

New York Thugs Fatally Wound One of Members.

New York, May 17.—The "Gopher Gang," a West Side organization, succeeded in "getting" George J. Gallagher, otherwise known as "Newburgh George," today, the police believe. Gallagher, known as a member of the gang, was taken in a dying condition to the New oYrk hospital with two bullet wounds in his stomach. Although he was conscious, he refused to say who shot him, but the police declare their belief that the shooting was an outcome of one of the numerous feuds in gang circles, which frequently develop deadly assaults and murders.

CONCOCTED KIDNAPING TALE

Boy Found Gagged in Park Admits He Did It.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Springfield, May 17.—Because he ran away from home and spent his allowance Stanley Rude confessed that he planned a kidnap and gagging story to obtain the sympathy of his parents. He was found gagged in the park and his hands tied. At police headquarters he confessed after sweating that he tied himself. Rude was taken home and given what he deserved.

CONVICTS BURN IN STOCKADE

Negroes Lose Lives in Fire Started by One of Them.

Centerville, Ala., May 17.—Thirty-six negro convicts lost their lives yesterday when the stockade of the Red Feather Co., at Lucille mines, Bibb county, about 15 miles north of Centerville, was destroyed by a fire set by one of the prisoners in an effort to gain his freedom.

Thirty-five of the convicts were burned to death and another was fatally shot by guards while trying to escape. Among those burned is the negro who started the blaze. The fire spread rapidly throughout the structure, which on account of the extreme dryness of the material was quickly consumed.

It was with much difficulty that the unharmed convicts in the stockade were prevented from eluding the guards. All of the convicts at the Lucille mines are state prisoners, leased to the Red Feather Coal Co. for work in the mines.

POLITICAL FORCES CLASH

One Man Killed and Many Wounded in Spain.

Madrid, May 17.—A collision between Republicans and gendarmes is reported from Valencia in connection with a manifestation in honor of the arrival there of the Republican Deputy Senor Seriano. The gendarmes charged and the Republicans used knives and stones. An officer was stabbed and killed and many persons were wounded. Fifty arrests were made and order was finally restored after the manifestants had sought refuge at the Republican club.

TEST FOR PROHIBITION

Denver, Colo., May 17.—Important questions are being decided by the voters of Denver at the municipal election today. The prohibition problem and the granting of a 20-year franchise to the Denver Union Water Co. are the principal features.

Three solutions of the prohibition program are offered the voters. First, city-wide prohibition; second, high license and the restriction of the number of saloons to one for every 700 inhabitants; third, continuance of present conditions—a $600 annual license fee and no restriction on the number of saloons.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Tuesday, May 10.—Senate—Continuing the consideration of the railroad bill, the senate today heard arguments by Senator Bristow in support of the Dixon amendment prohibiting a greater charge for short than for long hauls on the railroads, and by Senators Lodge and Piles against it. There were many interruptions and much sharp colloquy. Toward the close fo the session a resolution authorizing an investigation into alleged abuses of the franking privilege was adopted.

House—By a vote of 200 to 126 the house today passed the administration railroad bill, with many of the original provisions stricken out. A proposition to revive section 12 relating to the acquisition of competing lines was voted down before the bill was finally placed upon its passage. Some of the New England Republicans joined with the Democrats in voting down that provision. The bill now goes to the senate, where a bill similarly introduced as an administration measure has been pending for nearly three months. The house passed several resolutions calling for identity of the real purchasers of the Philippine friar lands and adopted the conference report on the bill to create the bureau of mines and mining, which now goes to the President for approval.

Wednesday, May 11.—Senate—In a personal explanation to the senate Senator Piles, of Washington, disavowed any responsibility for the appointment of Aichard A. Ballinger as commissioner of the general land office or later as secretary of the interior. This action resulted from intimations in the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation that Mr. Piles had influenced the appointment in the interest of the Cunningham coal claimants. Senator Simmons, of North Carolina, spoke in favor of the Dixon long and short haul clause, after which the railroad bill was laid aside. The theory that the President may withdraw from entry the public lands without authority of congress was combated by Senator Borah in an extended argument.

House—In the house the entire session was taken up by the consideration of bills affecting Indian lands.

Thursday, May 12.—Senate—The senate today reached an agreement to begin voting at 4 o'clock tomorrow on the long and short haul amendments to the railroad bill, and to meet daily at 11 o'clock, beginning Monday. The voting agreement for tomorrow provides that all amendments relating to the long and short haul shall be disposed of before the end of the legislative day, but the understanding does not preclude the taking of a recess from one day to another in case the amendments should require more time than can be given them tomorrow. All of the speeches of today were in support of the Dixon long and short haul amendment. They were made by Senators Clapp, Smoot and Nixon. The senate passed the house omnibus lighthouse bill, which, after receiving the consideration of a conference committee, will go to the President for his signature.

House—In the house Representative Payne, of New York, delivered an extended defense of the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, arguing that the recent advance in the cost of living was not due to that legislation. Representative Cox, of Ohio, spoke, denouncing conditions in national military homes.

Monday, May 16.—Senate—The feature of the consideration of the administration railroad bill in the senate was the vote taken on an amendment by Senator Cummins to strike out the sections of the bill to provide for the establishment of a commerce court. This was defeated by a vote of 28 to 37. The affirmative vote was cast chiefly by Democrats and "insurgent" Republicans. A number of other amendments were offered to the sections, but all of them were defeated. Notice of other amendments was given.

House—This being unanimous consent and suspension day in the house, a large number of bills were passed. Among the more important measures passed was a senate bill providing for a system of parole for United States prisoners sentenced for more than one year and who have served at least one-third of their terms. A resolution, introduced by Mr. Henry, of Texas, to change the date of inauguration of the President from March 4 until the last Thursday in April was defeated. Only one vote was lacking of the two-thirds of the house necessary to provide for the submission of a constitutional amendment for that purpose to the several states of the union.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., May 17.—Rains over much of the spring and winter wheat territory formed the chief depressing factor in the market at the outset, prices opening ¼c lower all down the line. There was a bearish sentiment apparent, but shorts did not appear aggressive. Considering the fact that further pressure was exerted by a weak foreign situation, prices held up well. Heavy world's shipments continued the leading bearish factor at Liverpool. Toledo openings, cash and May $1.12½, July 1.04¾, and September $1.03. Steadiness prevailed early in the morning.

Money and muscle were sufficient to check the decline and at the close prices were about the same as the open. Final prices: Cash and May at 1.12½; July, $1.04¾; September, $1.03.

A crop bulletin from Iowa was rather bullish on corn, but the local market opened steady with yesterday's close and remained unchanged for the greater part of the early hours. May started at 61½c, July at 63¾c, and September at 64¼c.

Corn closed weak, ½c off in cash and May and firmer in the futures. Final prices: Cash and May, 62c; July, 64c; September, 64¾c.

Like corn, oats values were unchanged at the start, May opening at 44¾c, July at 42¾c, and September at 39¾c.

Final oats values: Cash and May, 44¾c; July, 42¾c; September, 39¾c.

There were no changes in clover seed at the outset or during the first half hour. Openings were Cash, $6.90; October and December, $6.62½, and March, $6.70.

At the close clover seed values were the same as yesterday's, save for a 2½c decline in December and October.

TOLEDO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close May17.	Close May16.
Cash	1.12½	....	1.12	1.12¼	1.12¾
May	1.12½	....	1.12	1.12¼	1.12¾
July	1.04¾	1.04¾	1.04¼	1.04¾	1.04¾
Sept	1.03	....	....	1.03¼	1.03¼
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	62	61¾
May	67½	....	....	62	61½
July	63¾	....	....	64	63¾
Sept	64¾	....	....	64¾	64¾
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	44¾	44¾
May	44¾	....	....	44¾	44¾
July	42¾	....	....	42¾	42¾
Sept	39¾	....	....	39¾	39¾
Clover Seed—					
Cash	6.90	....	....	6.90	6.90
Oct	6.62½	....	....	6.60	6.62½
Dec	6.62½	....	....	6.60	6.62½
March	6.70	....	....	6.70	6.70
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	79	79
No. 3	....	....	....	76	76
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	2.15	2.15
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	7.00	7.00
Aug	....	....	....	7.50	7.35

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	1.13	....	1.11	1.12¾	1.13¼
July	1.03¼	1.03¾	1.02¾	1.03¾	1.03¾
Sept	1.00¾	1.01¾	....	1.01½	1.01¼
Dec	99⅞	1.00¼	99½	1.00¼	1.00¼
Corn—					
May	60¼	....	60¼	60¾	60¾
July	62¾	63¼	62½	62¾	62¾
Sept	63⅞	63¾	63¼	63½	63¾
Dec	58¼	58¼	58	58¼	58
Oats—					
May	42¼	42¼	....	42⅝	42⅝
July	40⅝	41	40½	40⅝	40⅜
Sept	39⅝	39¾	39¾	39⅝	39½
Dec	40	40¼	....	40	40

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.16	1.16
July	1.10	1.10½	....	1.10¾	1.10⅝

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	1.09¼	....	....	1.09½	1.09¼
July	1.01½	1.02	1.01¼	1.02¼	1.01⅝

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.09½	1.09¼
July	....	....	....	1.08¾	1.08⅝

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.09½	1.09¼